MAYFAIR

Vol. 21 No. 9
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

£1.20
NORTH AMERICA
$3.95

AUSTRIA 65 A. SCH
CANARY ISLANDS 475 PTAS
DENMARK 28.00 KR
FINLAND 20.50 FM
FRANCE 32.50 NF
GERMANY 13.80 DM
HOLLAND 8.90 FL
ITALY 6,400 L
NORWAY 29.50 KR
SPAIN 450 PTAS
SWITZERLAND 6.70 SFR

For the first time ever

An MA from Girton

THE NUDEST CAMBRIDGE GRADUATE

Great 124-page high summer issue

MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

Telephone number: 01-242 1593

95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

Vol. 21 No. 9

ABC net paid circulation 345,411

Marvellous Melissa, page 55.

Czech out Tatras, page 66.

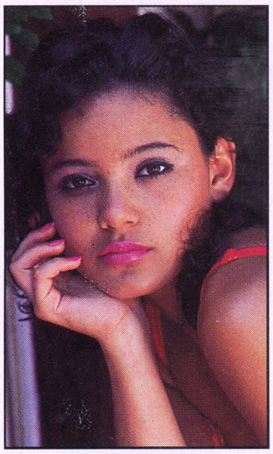
CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES			page
Army of Giants:	King Frederick's massive regiment	*Peter Congreve*	48
S-s-s-snakes in the grass:	The hiss-teria surrounding this deadly reptile	*T Hanson*	87
They Float, They Fly:	Seaplanes on the wing and water	*David Oliver*	106
Carrie:	A sinking feeling for our oar-inspired stripgirl	*Steve Kingston*	120
GIRLS			
Bernadette:	French bred and tasty too	*Eric Labbé*	14
Ella:	Our Cambridge honours graduate out of her gown	*Peter Abelard*	39
Melissa:	From Hastings, looking for love . . .	*Basil Crawford-Smith*	55
Christina:	The model who walked out on Boots	*Ed Alexander*	78
Julie:	A traveller to set your mind wandering	*Michael Moore*	99
Pat:	Our swimming instructress pools her assets	*Paul Von Stroheim*	116
HUMOUR			
Watch — It's Neighbourly:	Local crimefighters on the look-out	*Anthony*	27
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	More of your funniest jokes		74
INFORMERS			
Motoring:	Tatra — Czech mates from behind the iron curtain	*William Boddy*	66
Quest:	Women's secret fears — new survey		91
FICTION			
Action Replay:	Sex and a case of double or nothing	*Sam White*	20
SPECIAL OFFERS	**Best of Mayfair** page 8/**Satin lingerie** page 26/**Mayfair Diver's Watch** page 36/ **Fashion Swiss Watches** page 38/**Night and Day Funwear** page 85/**Mayfair 1987 Calendar** page 90/ **Mayfair 1987 Diary** page 90		
READER SERVICES	**Letters** page 10/**Book Society** page 30/**Back Numbers** page 34/**Binders Offer** page 98/ **Subscription Details** page 112		
CRITICS	**Discs, Eating Out**		31

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Deputy Editor **Peter Wilton** / Art Director **John Clement** / Features Editor **Martin Burr** / Chief Sub-Editor **Clive Harris** Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/

Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

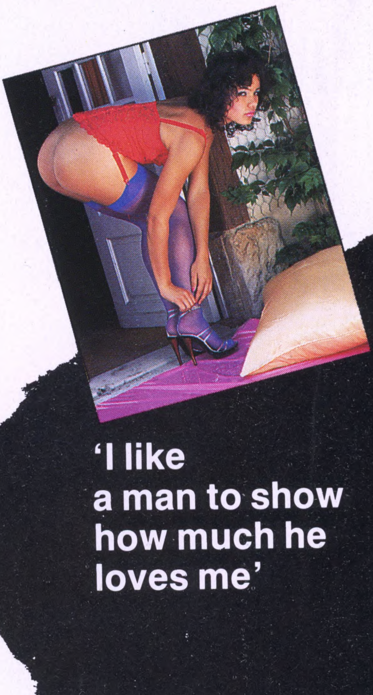
PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
ERIC LABBÉ



Bernadette

'Allo, 'allo. Listen we will tell you this only once. Bernadette Masson loves France. It's hardly surprising really. Twenty-two years ago she was born in a small village in Bordeaux, the daughter of a vineyard owner, and only came to Britain in 1983. 'I like Britain very much,' says Bernadette (known to her friends as Berni), 'but I still think of France as being my real home. I hope that doesn't annoy you. I know how terribly patriotic some of you Englishmen can be . . .'

Bernadette is, however, full of praise for the men of Britain. 'I love the food and scenery of France, but I prefer very much Englishmen.' We hasten to point out that she includes the Scots, Welsh and Irish in this description. 'They are more sophisticated, and have a coolness Frenchmen will never acquire.' But aren't the French the world's best lovers? 'Oh no,' she exclaimed. 'They may bring you flowers and kiss your hand, but who wants a wet hand and hay fever? I like a man to caress me, kiss me and show he loves me — not say it with flowers.' Bernadette also shuns that other romantic frippery, the candlelit dinner. 'I can think of much better things to do in the dark with a man than eat,' she said with a smile.



'I like a man to show how much he loves me'

So how does Bernadette entertain the men in her life? 'I love picnics in the countryside. I am so lucky living here in Kent, there are so many green fields. A big basket with bread, French of course, Brie and bottles of wine. Now that *is* romantic,' she insisted. Which is why a red Citroen Ami with a languid 34-23-34 French girl beside it can be found somewhere near Maidstone every weekend.

'I cook, but I do other things even better'

By day, Bernadette works as a cook in a small restaurant, so she is an expert at preparing her picnics. Any lucky guest of hers will find himself highly satisfied.

However, she refuses to be tied to the kitchen. 'Some men seem to think that women are only suited to cooking. There are lots of things I do better than that,' she said. For a start, she is a keen amateur photographer, and helped direct her photo-set. 'I wanted to look my best for you,' she said. 'It's not every day, I entertain 1½ million men at once.'

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PETER ABELARD

A DEGREE OF NUDITY... OUR CAMBRIDGE GRADUATE

ELLA
HOWARD MA

From the cloistered halls of Cambridge University's exclusive Girton College to the pages of *Mayfair* is the path followed by Ella Howard. Ella, who has a Master of Arts degree, has chosen to become a glamour model. 'Appearing in *Mayfair* is a wonderful way of asserting the inner sexy woman. I enjoy it,' she tells everyone.

Ella, 25, whose 35-24-34 figure is making its magazine debut here, took an honours degree course in zoology at Girton after achieving ten 'O' Levels and three 'A' Levels at her local comprehensive school in Bangor where, she admits, 'I was horribly outstanding, one of the school swats. Boys weren't interested in me because I was too shy.' After leaving school Ella took a year off 'to go wild', doing research at a marine station in Bangor. 'I wanted to be a marine biologist, and spent a year looking at periwinkles.' During this year Ella overcame her shyness, and spent a lot of time in discos.

Girton went mixed the year Ella went up, and there were four men to each woman. 'I had a good social life. All the men had been to public school and had never met a woman before.' Apart from playing hockey for her college, Ella became interested in contemporary dance, forming a group with eight musicians. 'It was all completely improvised. We did performances in which the audiences walked out because we were so bad.' After gaining her degree, which you'll find recorded under her birth name of Penelope Cooke, Ella decided she was interested in studying insects.

Ella started working for a PhD, studying the cabbage root fly, but she got bored with her studies. 'I was unhappy and discovered I am not a scientist. I am a dancer, and creative, but scientists don't know where their bodies are, they just think about it, but there is a lot more life out there.' So she quit after taking eleven months to pluck up the courage, and became an artist's model before moving into photographic modelling. 'In science women are turned into men, but I found it liberating to be a glamour model. It can turn me on depending on my mood and who the photographer is.'

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

MELISSA

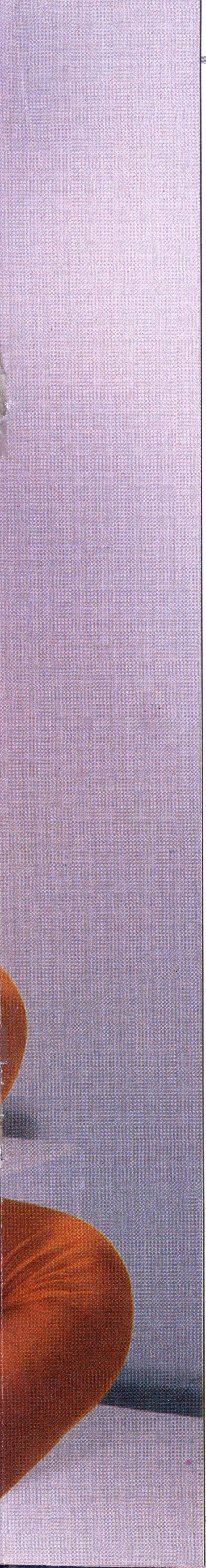
Melissa Wray is 21-years-old with a 34-23-34 figure, and lives in her own flat in Hastings, Sussex. She is desperate to find a man . . .

You would think that a girl pretty enough to feature on the centre pages of Britain's most popular men's magazine would spend her life fending off men. But not Melissa Wray. Melissa is lonely. She admits it. It's a situation that has only grown up recently, but none the less, she believes it's a serious one. 'I've just moved to this lovely flat on the seafront between Hastings and St Leonards,' she says, 'but I don't know anyone.'

Melissa used to live in a large house in West London with her parents where a social life was no problem. 'I had my school friends, friends of mummy and daddy, and all the gang in the wine bar. But I needed a place of my own, and this lovely little flat came up right on the coast. The trouble is I haven't found anyone there to play with yet.'

Nor is Melissa likely to find anyone to love through her work, as she does most of it from home. 'I bought myself one of those Amstrad word processors, and I type reports and letters for local businesses,' she said. 'Only I hardly ever meet the dishy sounding business men I talk to on the phone. I get all excited, waiting to hand my work over to them, and they send some spotty junior instead. Very disappointing.' Nor is Melissa a disco/night club fan. 'I get far too sleepy for that sort of thing,' she says.

In fact, Melissa was on the point of putting a Lonely Hearts ad in the local paper. 'The problem is that I can't think how to describe myself. "Blonde typist" makes me sound like a gormless temp or one of those characters in situation comedies — all uplift bra and squeaky voice.'

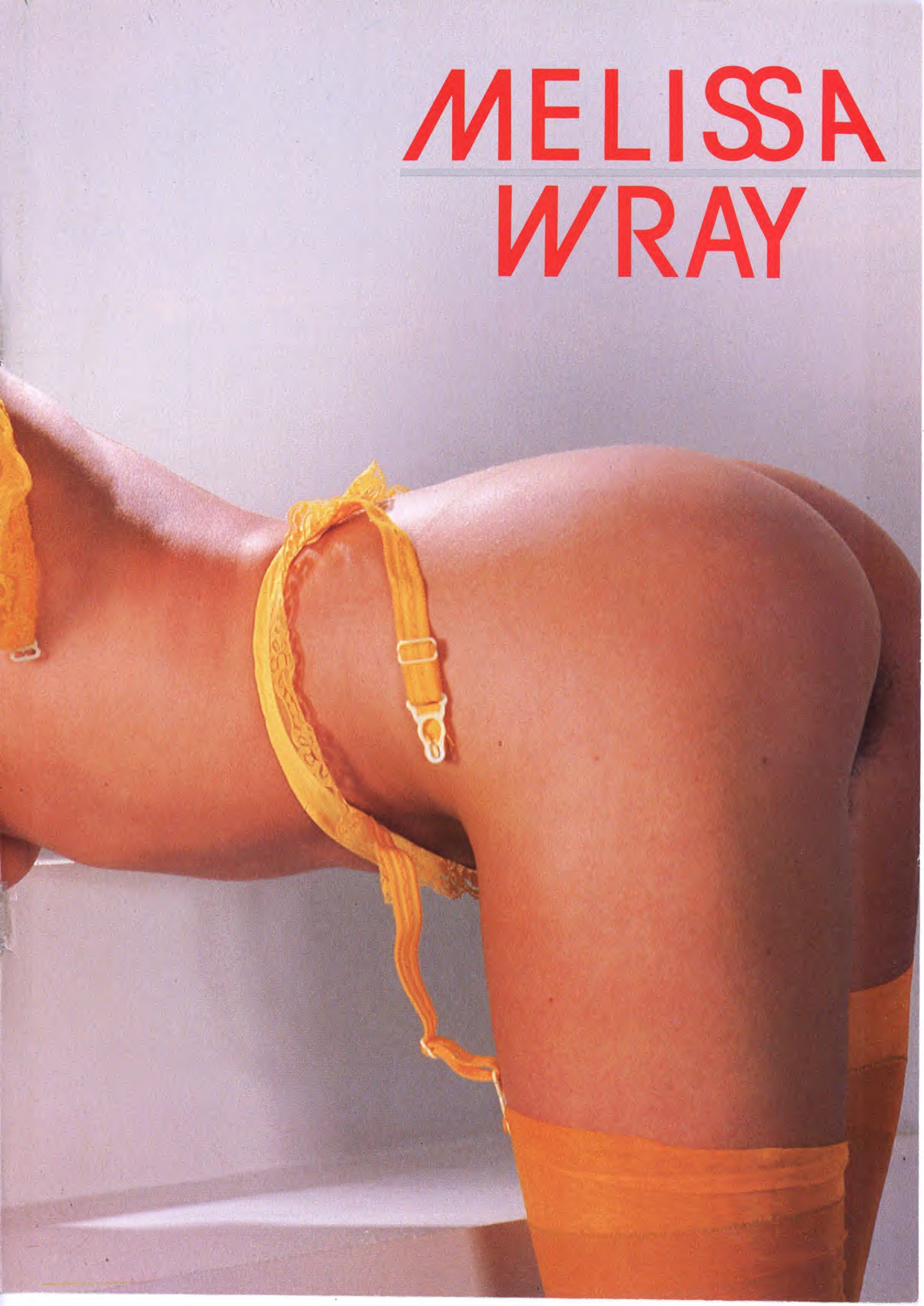


Melissa is however quite sure about what she likes to do. She enjoys long strolls along the beach, meandering around the old town or just sitting watching the sea. 'I sound like one of those elderly women who have nothing better to do,' she said with a laugh. 'But I'm not quite in the cardigan and slippers class yet.' She is also quite certain about the kind of man she likes. Strong, bearded, pipe-smoking types are the sort she goes for. 'The type of men you used to see on tobacco advertisements,' she smiled. Her other stipulation is more intimate. 'He must be able to kiss well,' she insisted. 'Some men seem to want to smother you, others peck at you like a hen.' Right now, Melissa's waiting to give lessons to the first suitable man.'

GIRL OF THE MONTH

MAYFAIR

MELISSA WRAY



MELISSA WRAY

CHRISTINA

Many a male customer of Boots the chemist has harboured fantasies about the girls behind the cosmetics counter. Now those dreams come true, for 18-year-old Christina Harte used to work behind that very counter in Boots' Bradford branch. But she wasn't cut out for retail work. 'I was always in trouble for eating in front of customers and was warned twice before I left,' she said. But Boots loss was modelling's gain, for as soon as she left she was booked for photographic and demonstration work. Ironically, one of her first jobs was selling St Ivel cream in Boots in Leeds. 'And after they said I'd never work in Boots again,' she laughed.

Since then her 36-24-35 figure has earned her work ranging from a 99 tea promotion in Wetherby Co-op to photo-sessions in Paris. Recently she was photographed in Ibiza's famous *Ku* disco where Wham! filmed their *Club Tropicana* video. Christina likes a dance herself, usually at *Imps* and *Cloud Nine* in Bradford, or *Charly's* in her home town of Shipley.

Christina likes to keep in trim weight training at the *Fitness Fantasy* health club in Bradford, and likes her men to do the same. 'They should be broad with small bums, and a red Ferrari (though a Fiesta would do),' she said. But her postman thinks she knows too many men already. 'My birthday is Valentine's Day, so I get lots of cards. He thinks they're all lovers.'

JULIE

Wander lust — it can strike at any time. Suddenly one is overcome with the desire to be somewhere else. As Lee Marvin said, 'I never did see a place that didn't look better when looking back,' and it's a view echoed by 21-year-old Julie Carpenter. The need to travel struck her this spring, and so she left her native town of Scarborough for a more exotic coastline.

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
MICHAEL MOORE

'. . . I'm naughtier on holiday, chatting up men, flirting . . .'

Julie started with a tour of the Mediterranean resorts, doing a variety of odd jobs to pay for food and the occasional drink. One of these 'odd jobs' was posing for *Mayfair*. 'I'd never thought of modelling before,' she said. 'But I'm more adventurous on holiday. Naughtier too. I love chatting up the men when I'm away, flirting with them and leading them on . . .'

'. . . in Greece my bum was patted, fondled and pinched . . .'

Julie is a trained bank clerk, but that went by the wayside on her wanderings. Instead she sold ice creams in Spain, served behind a bar in Greece and was a waitress in a Corfu night club. 'One Greek barman was very . . . appreciative. His hand rarely left my bottom,' she recalled. 'It was patted, fondled, pinched . . . My little white shorts were covered in fingermarks.'

'. . . sun, sand and no ties. I was jumping for job . . .'

Now Julie is back at work in her bank, but she plans another trip next year. 'I want to try roaming America she said. 'Five weeks of freedom does me so much good. Those pictures of me cartwheeling on the beach in Greece sum it up completely. Sun, sand and no ties — I was jumping for joy, quite literally. But you have to keep moving on, don't you?'

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
PAUL VON-
STROHEIM

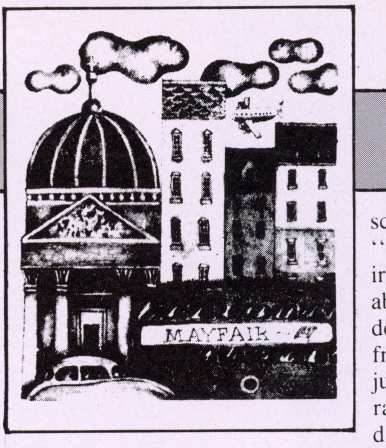
Pat

Are you the man who never dares go into the sea if its more than ankle-deep? Do you stand on the side of the pool enviously watching others bathing with the beauties? Why don't you learn to swim? Especially when there are ladies like 22-year-old Pat Smith to teach you. Pat is a qualified swimming instructress who has given many a timid man a helping hand in the water. Her 37-25-36 figure seems to be just what they need to get in the swim, and Pat reckons that she can teach any man sufficient strokes to keep his head above water. But Pat is well aware that many men have signed on her course with breast-stroke of a different kind in mind. 'They hold on to anything "for support",' she laughed. 'You'd be amazed at what goes on under the surface.'

Pat currently lives in Derby, about as far from the sea as is possible, and works as a typist. But she hopes to start teaching evening classes in swimming and lifesaving soon. 'Lifesaving groups can be very funny,' she said. 'You have to swim in clothes at one stage, usually pyjamas and nighties. You should see what some of them turn up in! Middle-aged women swim in red lacy baby-dolls, and huge butch men in silky pyjamas. Very silly.'

One summer Pat worked as a lifeguard in a holiday camp. 'It was just like *Hi-de-Hi* — only naughtier,' she claims. 'We had all-night parties in the chalets, and got up to all sorts of mischief. We had a better time than the campers.' By day, life was harder. As the strongest swimmer, she was the one who'd get thrown in the pool — sometimes off the top board, and always dressed in silly costumes. 'I was a traffic warden, a nurse, even a pirate with a big red beard. They'd hose me down then chuck me in,' she grinned. 'But plenty of men helped me dry off.'

SCENE



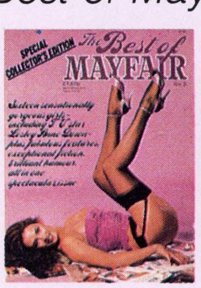
Anyone who persists in the ridiculous belief that models are all curves and no brains will be obliged to eat their words after reading this month's *Mayfair*. For we are featuring our first ever Cambridge graduate, from Girton College, no less, one of the bastions of the blue-stocking image. She uses the name of Ella Howard to diferentiate between modelling and her more serious career pursuits like learning to teach the Alexander Technique, a method of using your body to avoid stress. Ella has a Masters of Arts degree in zoology, and was on the way to a doctorate before deciding she wasn't cut out to be a scientist. It was lucky for us or we wouldn't have been able to feature such a sexy student body in *Mayfair*. Ella can be found on page 39. Snakes always seem to have a certain fascination, even for those who shudder at the very thought of them. Luckily in this country we only have the adder and grass snake, but in India where Terence Hanson grew up, there were numerous highly poisonous types of snake to be dealt with virtually every day. This month Mr Hanson gives a vivid account of his terrifying experiences with snakes, including a brush with the deadly King Cobra where he literally escaped death by inches. And his fascinating recollections become all the more intriguing when one considers that Mr Hanson is 84 years old, and his memories stretch back a staggering 75 years. Born in Bombay in 1902 of English parents, Mr Hanson was brought up in India where he spent some time in the Bombay Rifles before coming to England in 1919 to study engineering. He worked on various railways in British North Borneo, where he contracted amoebic dysentry and malaria, Brazil and Canada before returing to England in his 70th year in 1972. his fascinating memories of close encounters of the serpent kind can be found on page 87. Mix together grapefruit, bergamot-galbanum, geranium, basil, thyme, sage, myrtle, rose, jasmine, lily of the valley, violet, ylang, cyprus-gaic, sandalwood, chinese cypriol, vetyver, bay, clove, artemesia, coriander, cinnamon, musk, amber, leather, moss, labdanum, honey and incense, and what have you got? No, not the recipe for some exotic curry. They are, in fact, the fragrances which make up Keryus, a distinctive new aftershave from Givenchy. And judging from the reactions of various young ladies when we 'road-tested' it, as you might say, in our favourite wine bars, it should prove as classically popular and successful as Givenchy's other aftershaves and perfumes. In typically Gallic style Keryus was revealed to members of the press at *Claridges* amidst a soaring male voice choir, dry ice, and giant revolving bottles. Keryus, we were told, is, 'The scent of man with that indefinable ''extra'' . . . the privilege of a few irresistable men . . . A scent telling about silence, a look, a promise, desire, a thrill, an emotional fragrance.' That might be going just a little over the top, but at any rate Keryus smells great, is different, and a welcome change from a lot of the same old scents currently available for us men. It will be on sale all over the country from the end of September in aftershave and eau de toilette forms ranging from £14 to £34.

This month we are launching our brand new *Mayfair* calendar and diary for 1987 which we're sure will sell out like they always do. As you will imagine, it is a daunting task selecting just twelve girls from the dozens of dollies we feature every year. This time we believe we've picked girls to suit every taste, and if you turn to page 90 you'll see a preview of just three of our delightful dozen. But don't leave it too long before sending in your order — we'd hate you to be disappointed.

COME ALIVE WITH No. 5

Our fifth collectors' edition, *Best of Mayfair No 5*, is still available at your local newsagent, but get yours now because two of our earlier ones are already sold out. Costing just £1.95, it has 196 pages full of the best in girls, features, fiction, and our special humour. PLUS — Britain's top model and TV star Samantha Fox in some of the most revealing poses ever seen of her.

Still available to you — our collectors' editions, *Best of Mayfair Nos 3, 4 and 5*

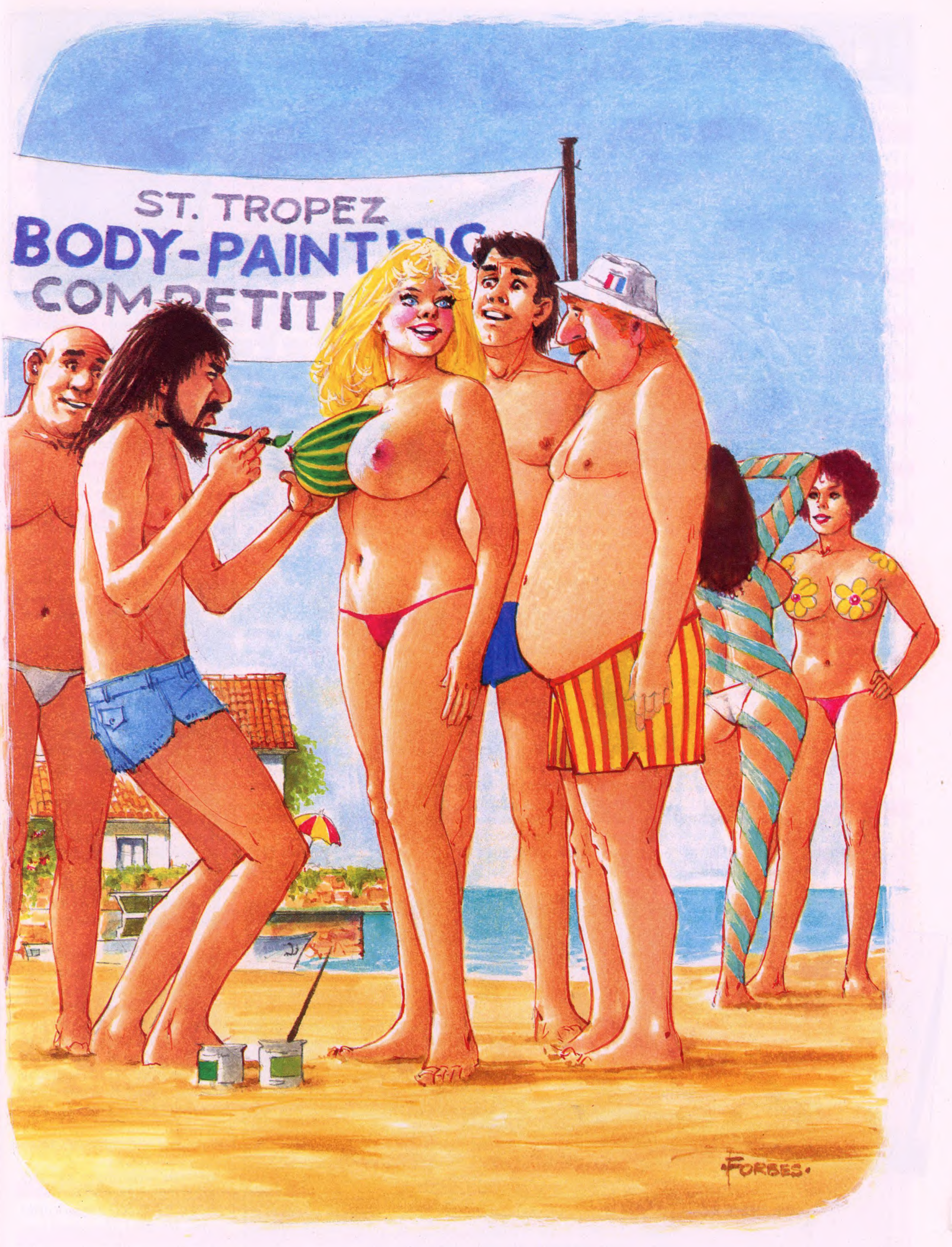


Best of MAYFAIR

SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION
The Best of MAYFAIR
SAMANTHA FOX

Please send . . . . . copy/copies of *Best of Mayfair No 3* at £2.25 (inc p&p) . . . . . copy/copies *Best of Mayfair No 4* at £2.50 (inc p&p) . . . . . copy/copies *Best of Mayfair No 5* at £2.65 (inc p&p). I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ . . . . . to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Name . . . .
Address . . . .
. . . .
. . . . M219


ST. TROPEZ
BODY-PAINTING
COMPETITI
FORBES.

'He says it's the first thing that came into his mind.'

LETTERS

Judging by the latest issue of *Mayfair* to hit the newsagents, we are in for a new-look magazine. Bearing this in mind, I would like to make a few comments.

To be honest, prior to this issue, I'd been finding *Mayfair* a bit staid. The girls were often in the same poses, there were a lot of bedroom sets and so on. This sad state of affairs was leading me in the direction of your rivals.

However, last month's issue was a genuine breath of fresh air, and the balance is changing. Your photoset featuring Gail Thackray rates as the best presented set you have ever run, and those of Shirley Matthews and Andrea-Louise run a clear joint second. Not only is the actual layout and presentation excellent but the photography is in a class of its own. The cover is also about the classiest you have ever produced.

The use of a Jim Burns painting to accompany the regular short story is a move I wholeheartedly applaud. Is there a chance of more paintings by leading fantasy artists, or even a fully-fledged fantasy art feature? The black border around both the painting and opening page of text is a great improvement. Can such borders be extended to every page of story text?

Throughout the magazine I've noticed the introduction of blocks and columns of colour which really do highlight both text and photos. Pure class. I only wish that this had been extended to every article and photo-set. Maybe next month? Even the layout of the advertisements seems to have altered with the majority complementing features rather than interrupting them.

If I have any complaint it is with the rather jumbled collection of photos on pages 110 and 111. Not so hot, in my view.

Finally is there any chance of obtaining a large print of the Donald Milne photo of Andrea-Louise that appears on page 94? That is one of the best glamour photos, I've seen — absolutely beautiful.

Antony D Nettle, Leamington Spa

We had to prise this letter from the tight clutches of our new art director, John Clement, who was about to have it framed. Thank you for your kind words about our new look. You are right, we are trying to improve the layout of the magazine, without losing the features we know you all like, and we're glad you seem to appreciate it so much. If any other readers have any comments about ways we can improve the magazine, don't hesistate to send us your views.

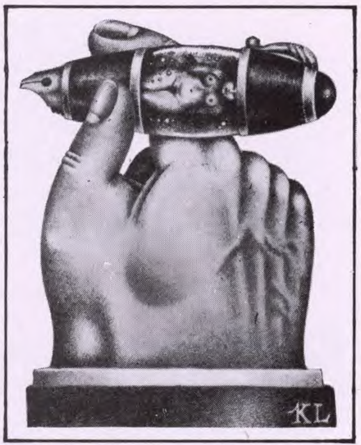
I am a relative newcomer to your magazine but I wondered if I could ask for some legal advice, as it is of a personal nature, and I don't want to go to a solicitor with it.

I am 27-years-old, and recently separated from my husband, after six very boring years of marriage. Five weeks ago, I went on holiday to Spain with a girl friend, and for the first time experienced the thrill of going topless. Prior to that, my husband had been my only partner, and indeed the only man to see my bare breasts. But in Spain, all this changed as I spent every moment on the beach soaking up the sun topless, and returned to England with a gorgeous tan and the experience of three lovers.

I would not call myself particularly beautiful, but I do have an impressive figure, which was much admired on the beach. I am very tall (five feet eleven in my bare feet) and measure 38C-27-37. My ample bosom hasn't changed much since I was sixteen.

I returned to England three weeks ago almost a different person, and determined to keep my all-over tan. Unfortunately, since I'm now living with my mother again, I am unable to use her back garden due to a rather prudish attitude to nudity. However, about four miles away is a river and a couple of weeks ago I discovered an adjacent quiet field with long grass, and I started going there every day. Although it is quite a remote spot, lying in the grass stark naked did make me slightly nervous at first, but after a couple of days I became totally at ease.

On the beach in Spain, I grew to adore all the attention I was getting, and loved the feeling of being stared at in such a naked state. Anyway, without going into too much detail, about ten days ago, assisted by half a bottle of wine and a feeling of daring, I moved my spot from the isolated corner of the field to one only a few feet from the river bank. After a couple of occasions when my nerve did fail me, I finally found myself sitting there topless — and in full view of the occupants of a cruiser as it chugged slowly by.



It was an absolutely superb feeling and even more exhilarating than in Spain. Consequently, since then I have been occupying the river bank in just a tiny pair of briefs, and in full view of anybody who cares to sail by. Indeed in the last two days, I have actually walked along the river bank past two moored and occupied boats in just my shorts.

Whilst I admit that my behaviour might be considered strange by some, I am not at all ashamed of what I have done, and indeed feel very proud of myself. I have also been more than encouraged by the people who have seen me — their responses have ranged from mild surprise to whistles, praise and applause.

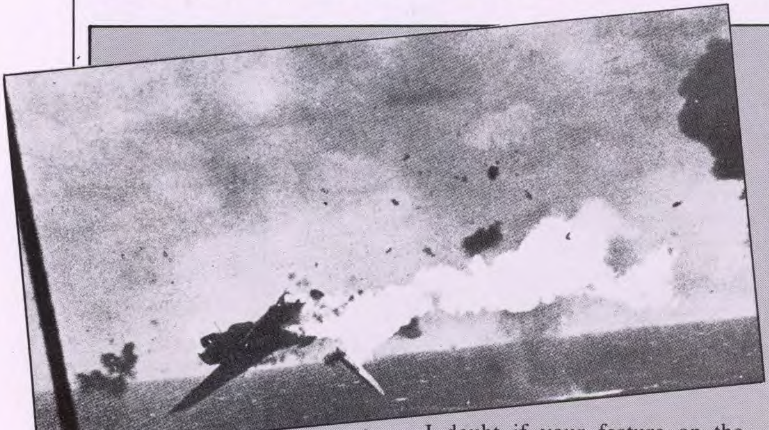
While I do not wish to appear conceited, I have an exceptional figure, and I enjoy (and see nothing wrong in) showing off my bare breasts. The only thing that does concern me is, am I breaking the law? Is there any chance of being arrested on an indecency charge or something similar?

I have read in the papers during the hot spell of many girls going topless in the parks and on the beaches, and I'm sure that many of your readers would love to follow their example, and brighten up the lives of the men of Britain, but just what is the legal position in such a case?

Six weeks ago, before my holiday, I would never have dreamed of what I am doing now, but I see my behaviour as perfectly normal. To the other female readers, I say give it a try, and let's make bare boobs the norm in Britain. I have found the experience very exhilarating and well received. I thoroughly recommend it. Come on, girls join me.

(Name and address withheld)

Our legal department say that there is a slight possibility of being charged for causing a breach of the peace. However, if you keep your topless walks to quiet areas like the river, this is unlikely. Better still, turn to page 12



I doubt if your feature on the Japanese Kamikaze pilots in Vol 21 No 6 will generate as much correspondence as the one on the Spitfire did, but I would like to make a few comments for the record. The 'kamikaze Jap fighter' pictured is, in my opinion, a Nakajima B6N attack bomber delivering a conventional attack on an Essex class carrier in December, 1943. I believe that it is the torpedo you can see dropping away as the plane breaks up. The carrier's crew must have been surprised that the pilot did not attempt a suicide crash on deck. He was probably already dead or stunned. The plane was nicknamed 'flaming Kate', misidentifying it in the heat of battle for its notorious predecessor, the Nakajima B5N. The picture you published was the first photographic evidence of the new 'Holy Mountain' bomber which was to receive the allied code name 'Jill'.

AA Kirkland, Islington

LETTERS

continued from page 10

why not pose for us? One thing is for certain, you are not alone, as the next letter testifies.

I am a 28-year-old blonde American reader of your magazine. I particularly enjoy the letters which are intelligent and well written, and would like to confirm that the letter from Paul's girlfriend in Vol 21 No 6 is probably completely true. We have seen similar daring sights in British parks.

A friend and I took a two month holiday in Britain in the summer of 1985, and one afternoon found ourselves in a quiet area of Hyde Park, not too far from the Serpentine. We were surprised — and quite thrilled — to see an attractive couple obviously engaged in sex play, standing against a tree. The girl had her back to us, and as we watched her partner lifted her short silk dress to her waist, and slipped her panties down for her to step out of them. She parted her legs, giving us a full view of her bum and pussy, and then produced her friend's large penis — the first British one we'd seen! She rubbed it as he played expertly with her quim.

What surprised us was that once or twice the good-looking couple glanced in our direction, and although I was sure they had noticed we were looking, it did not seem to deter them in their activities. In fact watching them aroused me so much I found myself reaching into my dress, and stroking myself. I noticed that about seven men were also watching, some from only a few feet away. We were treated to the sight of the two enjoying full intercourse, with the girl's dress open showing her whole body — she had very good breasts — as he took her from the rear. When they'd finished and rearranged their clothing, they walked away from the group with sly smiles on their faces. The watching men were perfectly polite, and well behaved, one of them strolling over and even engaging the couple in conversation — or so it seemed. It excited us so much that half an hour later, my friend and I also made love in the open, though in a quiet part of the park, and as I felt the crotch of my panties being eased aside for access to my overheated pussy, I looked up to see half a dozen men staring at my exposed private parts and hot arse. Not a word was said, but one or two nodded and smiled and winked in appreciation. We felt as if we were members of an exclusive club. Later in our holiday we saw other couples, and were observed ourselves in much the same way in secluded areas of Hyde Park, Hampstead Heath and Wimbledon Common. On other occasions we were impressed — and turned on — by the attention shown by British men to a little female 'legshow'. In both London and Edinburgh, I'd sit on the grass or in a deckchair in parks with my legs slightly apart, with dresses far enough up to show stockings, suspenders and occasionally panties. The number of men who walked past several times was remarkable. some even pretended to drop something to allow them a closer look up my skirt. And one bold gent even sat down to stare straight up it. It always gave me a sexy feeling, and we would rush back to the hotel to relieve my wet pussy. Once I even had to change my damp knickers twice in one afternoon.

In contrast, I often sit in that way during my lunchbreak in a New York park. Although my stockings, suspenders and often panties can be seen, the average American businessman doesn't give me a second look. Our experience and the letter in *Mayfair* has inspired us, and we shall be coming back to visit Britain again in October.

Meanwhile if there are any sexy London guys who would like to see my provocative leg, suspender and knicker shows in Bryant or Central Park, I'll be looking for you.

IK, Brooklyn, NY

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

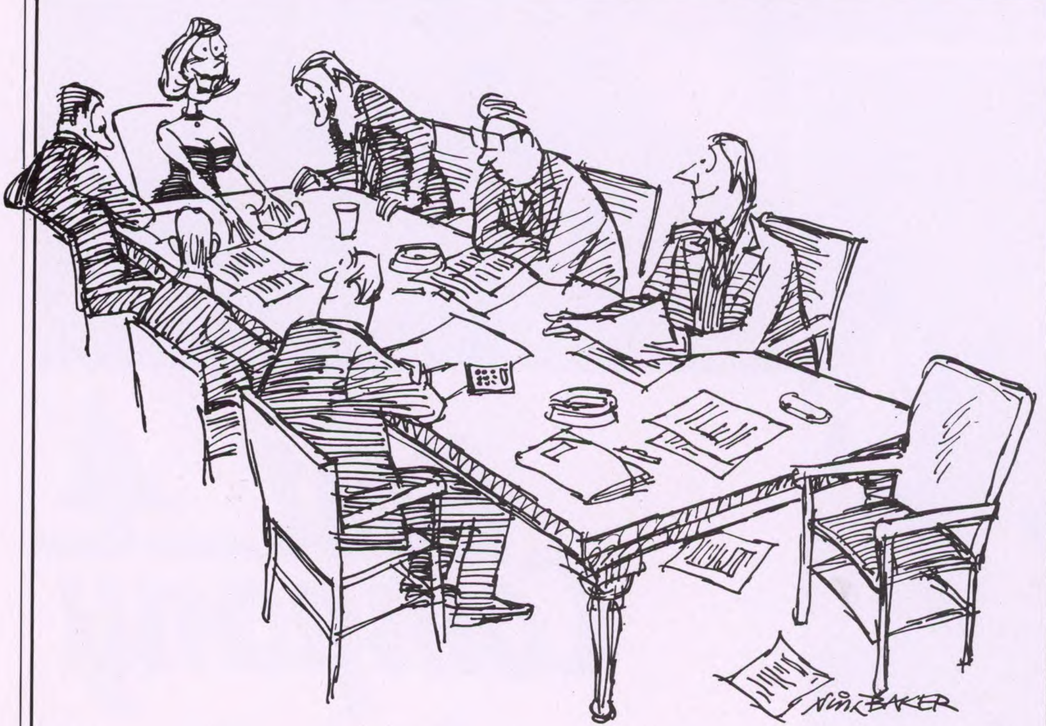
I am a capable hypnotist, not a medical practitioner as such, but a hobbyist, and a serious student of the human mind and its workings. When I was much younger, I believed that hypnotism would be the perfect way to seduce women, and would like to tell you of my experiences.

When I took up the study of hypnotism several years ago, I admit that it was to have my wicked way with girls. As the advert in the paper had said, I could 'have control over anyone at any time ESPECIALLY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN!' So after posting my cheque away, I could hardly wait for my course to arrive. When it did, I pored over it for endless hours, reading and practising, and then reading it again to pick up anything I might have missed. Alas at such a tender age, I did not have either the courage or the plentiful supply of female friends to try it on (or, with hindsight, the lack of good common sense). Although this was the source of some frustration I continued to study the subject by buying books from reputable bookshops, and reading everything I could find on it.

After a couple of years, I was pretty well versed in hypnotism, knowing that it was nowhere near as simple as 'one, two, three, you will now obey.' However I had still not actually hypnotised anyone (other than some unsuccessful attempts with my girlfriend). All this was to change when some friends of ours came to visit.

Susan and Barry (names changed) were good and close friends, and often came around for a night of cards or just to share a drink and chat. Susan had recently caught Barry in the old parlour game version of hypnotism, where they went into a dark room, lit a candle, and Susan proceeded to draw circles all over Barry's face with soot from the candle. This came up in conversation that night, and we all had a good laugh. But I suggested to Susan that she ought to subject herself to some real hypnotism. She said she'd love to,

turn to page 113



'As Chairwoman I really must insist you stop doing that, and crawl back to your seat, Mr James.'

LETTERS

continued from page 12

but who did I know that was capable of doing it? Susan was quite amazed to discover that I was, as I had not made a habit of telling anyone. The hour was late, so I asked her to consider it for their next visit.

When they next came round, I could see that Susan was a little apprehensive, but she said that she was willing to give it a go and so was I. I took her into the bedroom, so we could be undisturbed, and she would be better able to relax, and I began. I told her to start counting, and with each number to slowly close her eyes. Soon she could no longer keep her eyes open, and I began to suggest things to her to take her into a deeper trance. She responded well. I also told her that whenever she woke up, and heard the word 'lovely' she would immediately take off one of her shoes, and ask me to tickle her foot. I also suggested that if I said 'Go to sleep, Susan,' she would fall into a hypnotic sleep.

I could hardly wait to find out if my commands had worked, so I woke her saying that she would have no memory of what had happened. She counted to three and sat up, her eyes open. 'Have you hypnotised me yet?' she asked. I replied that I had, and asked her how she felt. She said that she was very relaxed. I quickly added, 'It feels *lovely*, doesn't it?'

Before she could even answer, her eyes unfocused, relaxed, and she slipped off her right shoe, and put her foot up on the bed. She then asked me to tickle her foot, which I gladly did. She giggled as I tickled her, but did not move her foot until I'd finished. She then put her shoe on again. I soon realised that I'd forgotten to tell her to be unaware of what she was doing, and so although she didn't resist, she smiled broadly and said, 'Well, who's a kinky devil, then?' I was flustered that she knew of my little fetish, and so said, 'Go to sleep, Susan,' and she did. Her eyelids slowly closed, and I was relieved to see that she was still under my control. It was getting late, so I just told her that she would wake up and remember nothing of what had happened except to say that hypnotism was wonderful, and she couldn't wait to do it again. Also that I would only have to say 'Go to sleep, Susan,' and she would be in a deep hypnotic state. All went well, and she returned to the others. After Susan had told them how great hypnosis was a couple of times, they went home.

For the next few nights, I could hardly wait to try it with Susan again. As a result of my fantasising, my girlfriend copped a sex life she could hardly believe. Then eventually the day came, and I went around to Susan's flat on a day that Barry wasn't in. We sat down and had coffee, and I worked up courage to try the post-hypnotic suggestion to sleep. Then quite innocently, I said. 'This is lovely coffee, Susan.' I could hardly believe my eyes when she took off her right shoe, and asked me to tickle her foot. I needed no encouragement. Then as I stopped tickling, that faraway look in her eyes disappeared again, and before she had a chance to comment I said, 'Go to sleep, Susan.'

She instantly fell asleep, and I wasted no time in giving her suggestions. First I told her to take this pill (it was only an aspirin), and she did. Then I informed her that it was a powerful aphrodisiac, and that she would become more and more sexually excited as time went on. I didn't know whether this would work, but work it did. Her breathing became very ragged and uneven, and I became as sexually excited as she was. I told her that she would wake up at the count of three with no memory of being hypnotised, and her sexual excitement would be ten times greater, and she would consciously believe that this was entirely due to her feelings for me, and she would want to make love to me instantly.

When I counted to three, she awoke, her eyes opened and focused, and she said that she had a confession to make. 'I'm very fond of you,' she said. 'And I wondered if you'd make love to me.' I went with her into the bedroom where we made love exquisitely for a couple of hours, after which both of us were extremely satisfied. I left before Barry got home, and planned to do it again. The next time, much the same happened. This time I told her she was madly in love with me, and we made love all afternoon.

Sadly this did not go on any longer. Before my next chance, Susan and Barry had a fight, and after a terrible night's sleep, Susan had a nightmare about everything we had done, revealing the role my

turn to page 114

MAYFAIR

PHOTO SERVICE

DEVELOPING and PRINTING

Have your glamour, holiday or family films developed and printed through our own unique photo service. Discretion is assured.

12/20/24 exp. FOR ONLY **£3.50**		36 exp. FOR ONLY **£4.50**
plus 30p p&p per film	No of films	Total £

E6 35mm mounted slides 20 or 36exp **£5.00** (£1 for total failure)

plus 35p p&p per film	No of films	Total £

Enclose Kodacolour, Sakura, Boots, Tudor, Fuji (C41 process) films in 110, 126 or 135 sizes only. This service is NOT available for black-and-white, Agfa, Submin or Half Frame films. Place films in a strong envelope together with a cheque or postal order made payable to MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE. No processing Saturday or Sunday. Film accepted on basis that its value does not exceed material cost. We reserve the right to change prices without prior notice and to alter finishes/materials subject to exigency of production. Full credit for all unprinted negatives.

NAME__________

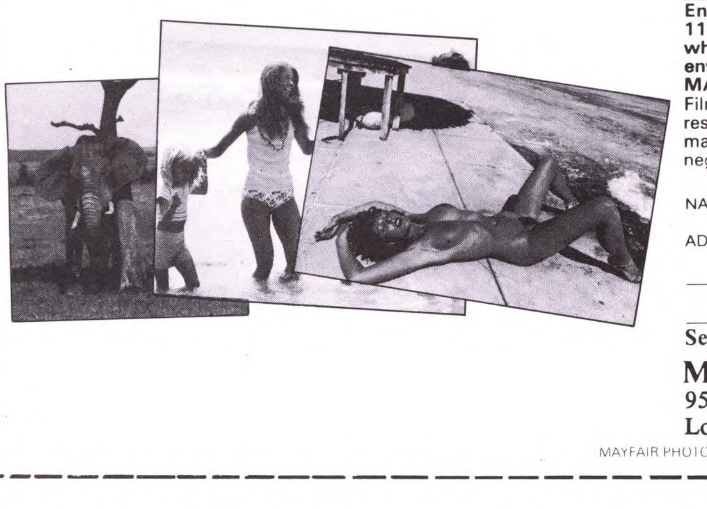
ADDRESS__________

M219

Send your order to:

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE Reg. Office, FPC (Advertising & Marketing) Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



LETTERS

continued from page 113

hypnotising had taken. The next time I saw her, she was very hurt at the things I had made her do, and said that she didn't want to see me again. I didn't blame her for the way she felt, although it is my contention, that to have so willingly, even under hypnosis, consented to my attentions, she must have fancied me in some way.

I am now 27, and have grown up considerably since then, and could not even contemplate such a mismanagement of another person's trust in real life, though it still remains a fantasy.

(Name and address withheld)

Concerning the letter from Miss SP of Canterbury (Vol 20 No 11) on the subject of enjoying dominant males. Wacko! If there were more girls like Miss SP, there would be more real men like us. Keep up the good work!

PS, High Wycombe, W Australia

Your letter in Vol 21 No 4 from Paula of Basingstoke telling how she enjoys sex in the shower, sometimes fully clothed, reminded me of an amusing afternoon I spent last summer.

My wife and I live in a block of flats with a communal garden, and on a warm day a number of the residents sit outside in the sun. On this occasion, however, there was just my wife and I, and my neighbour and his girlfriend Pat (name changed). It wasn't particularly hot, just warm and pleasant, so I was reading my paper in the deckchair whilst my neighbour did the same. My wife and his girlfriend were lying on the grass listening to the radio. My wife, a nicely rounded 36-25-36, was in a black teeshirt and jeans, and was dozing happily on her back, her head resting on her arms. As she lay there, her teeshirt started to ride up, revealing her stomach, something she hadn't noticed. But Pat had, and being a fun-loving lady, decided it was time for a little mischief.

Seeing that my wife was asleep, she crept over to her (miming to us to keep quiet), and stood by her, an ice cube-laden drink poised over her bare tummy. I knew it was cruel, but I kept my mouth shut, knowing Emma (the name I shall give my wife here) enjoys a joke too. However it was agonising to watch Pat as she slowly began to pour the glass's contents over my wife's bare stomach.

As soon as the icy liquid hit her, Emma screamed and sat up, laughing and gasping at the same time. When she saw what had happened, one thing came to her mind. Revenge. Pat was in hysterics, and we were giggling too, as Emma ran towards a jug of iced water. Before Pat had a chance to realise what she was doing, Emma was advancing on her with the jug. Pat was wearing a white summer dress with a V-front, showing a little cleavage. That was what Emma was aiming for. In one swift movement, she pulled the V open, and poured the the two pints of water, ice and all straight onto her boobs. White cotton being what it is, it went instantly transparent, revealing her fine unfettered breasts. It was her turn to scream, and as she ran towards the block of flats' garden hose, we knew a battle royal was on.

As Pat uncoiled the hose, already attached to the outside tap, Emma stood hands on hips, saying, 'You wouldn't dare...' It was a silly remark. In a trice, Pat turned on the hose at the nozzle, and began giving my wife a liberal soaking. Emma being the good sport she is, she stood there for a few seconds as Pat sprayed up and down over her body, even putting up with a few full-face shots that had her brown hair plastered to her face. Pat got closer and closer until she was squirting her from point blank range. One final shot in the face, and then she took the nozzle, and rammed it down the front of her soaked jeans. Again for a few seconds, Emma stod there, giving the two men a chance to admire the way the black material was now clinging to her figure, and her nipples were poking through the drenched teeshirt.

She spluttered, and pulled the nozzle from her jeans, and Pat knew that it was her turn for a douzing. Emma was merciless. The white dress was drenched from all sides until it was so see-through it needn't have even existed. Her blonde hair was to get a thorough soaking too, but Emma then played her master stroke. She grabbed Pat and bent her forward, lifting up the dress at the back. A pair of white panties came into view, stretched over her pert little bottom. Not only did Emma give them a point blank spraying until they too were see-through, she pulled them down just enough to

turn to page 122

THE PARK STREET HEALTH CLUB

An Oasis of calm in the busy city

Situated in the heart of Mayfair, the Club offers a friendly and informal atmosphere and a complete range of relaxation therapies including:

Massage and aromatherapy
Sauna
Steam Cabinet
Manicure
Pedicure
Uvasun suntanning equipment

Whether you come in for an hour between meetings, or spend longer, you'll leave feeling rejuvenated, at ease and with total peace of mind.

80 Park Street, London W.1. Tel. 01-493 0057

LESSONS IN SEX FOR ONLY £12

ACTS OF LOVE
Part I
Part II
SEX STARS FAVORITE POSITIONS
Joys of Masturbation

M1 – ACTS OF LOVE – PART 1
Learn some new ideas when three couples experiment with sex.

M2 – ACTS OF LOVE – PART 2
Sizzling, sexy, continues the excitement.
Over 130 pages and packed with over 200 photographs in each guide.
Usual price £4.95 each – **now £4.50 each.**

M3 – ACTS OF LOVE – PART 1 & 2 ONLY £8.

M4 – SEX STARS FAVOURITE POSITIONS
Starring John Holmes, Georgina Spelvin, Serena, Leslie Dovee and James Gillis, who give this guide some explosive raw action.
150 pages and 250 penetrating photographs.
Normally £5.95 – **now only £4.95.**

M5 – JOYS OF MASTURBATION
Masturbating is a part of most peoples' lives and can be improved with the help of this book.
280 explicit photographs including dildo masturbating.
Normal price £5.95 – **now only £4.95.**

M6 – OUR PRICE!
Take all 4 Lessons in Sex for only £12, **saving you £5.90.**

I enclose £ . . . . ., please send me the items ticked under plain cover.
☐ M1 – £4.50 ☐ M3 – £8.00 ☐ M5 – £4.95
☐ M2 – £4.50 ☐ M4 – £4.95 ☐ M6 – £12.00
Name ______
Address ______
I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors.
I am over 18. Signed ______
BEXLEY VIDEO (Dept MF), 14 Bourne Road, Bexley, Kent DA5 1PA.

LETTERS

continued from page 114

squirt her bare bum and fanny too. This was too much for Pat, and the two were on the floor wrestling with the hose until both were soaked. Then they seemed to come to surrender. Little did we know. They shook hands, and turned the hose off at the nozzle, and dripping wet came over to us, both with mischievous grins on their faces. Emma sat on my lap, her wet bottom instantly soaking through my trousers. She kissed me, and asked if I'd enjoyed their little fight. Naturally I said yes. Then I realised she had the hose still in her hand but it was too late. She twisted the nozzle, and began to spray me in the same way she had done Pat. There was no escape, she was sitting on top of me, and I felt the hose everywhere.

'That should cool you down,' she said. But the opposite was true. The feeling of the wet material coupled with my wife in figure hugging, soaked clothing was giving me the raging bonk. Emma seemed to recognise this because she lent forward pushing her full breasts in the wet teeshirt into my chest, and began a long, tongue-twisting kiss. I slipped my hands inside the sodden material of her teeshirt to feel her cool breasts, as she wriggled around on my enlarged cock. She obviously felt it nudging her bum because it seemed to heighten her passion. Suddenly her hands were feverishly undoing my shirt, and then reaching down to unzip my trousers.

I retaliated in kind, undoing her zip and easing the sodden black denim apart. I wanted to have her there and then, but common sense intervened. This was a communal garden afterall and deckchairs are not built for two (or bonking). Our flat fortunately is on the ground floor, so we ran inside. We didn't even make the lounge. I practically rugby-tackled her in the hall, pulling down her jeans. Her panties being soaked as well, came down too, and soon I had the delightful contrasting tastes of cool thighs and hot juicy quim.

Emma was arching her back as my tongue lapped at her lips and pushed deeper. That wet teeshirt was still plastered across her breasts, and her hair straggled damply across her face. I've been married for 18 months now, and watching her lips quivering and listening to her breathing as it faltered, I knew just what she wanted and how.

I slipped my trousers off but like her kept my sodden shirt on. This was going to be a hard hammering, just as she wanted. We'd go back to tender lovemaking later. Greedily she grabbed my cock, and was practically shovelling it into her. As I filled her, her head shook back and forth, her tousled mane falling over her face. There was little delicacy here. I fucked her, and fucked her hard till she was screaming, tears rolling down her face. Just now and again, that's the way she likes it, and sure enough, as I pounded into her, she began to melt inside. There was a massive explosion, or seemingly so, as we both climaxed, Emma shouting unbelievably dirty language as she did so.

We lay there exhausted for a few seconds. I couldn't help thinking how silly it was, a man and wife in wet clothing, fucking in the hall of their flat, but spontaneity rules. . . ok? As promised, later we enjoyed a more tender, loving one in the bedroom, which was just as enjoyable. And it was still only teatime!

What of Pat and her boyfriend? I hear you ask. Apparently they too disappeared for exactly the same thing, and Pat kept her wet dress on as well — though they did get as far as the lounge.

No, I wouldn't say wet dress was a kink of ours, but it certainly sparked off a summer day to remember.

RK, Chatham

I notice that you have started using 'Great Quotes of Our Time' on your jokes page every month. I thought you might like the following. It doesn't come from anyone famous, just my wife, so perhaps it might be more fitting for your Letters column.

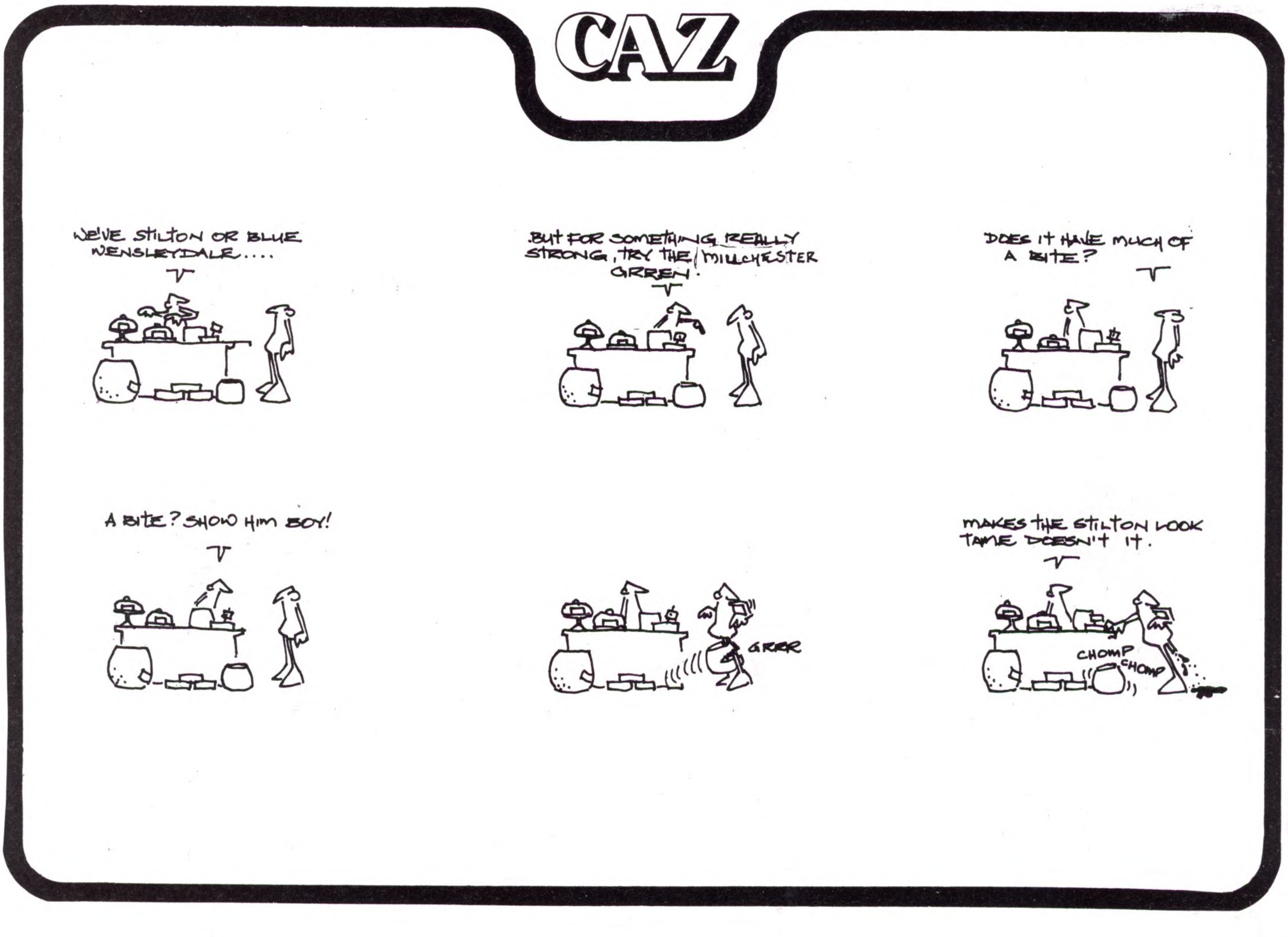
We were at a party, when she was suddenly accosted by a rather arrrogant young man who had obviously taken a fancy to her. He was boasting to her about his physique, saying that his muscled arms and torso were due to being a kung fu expert.

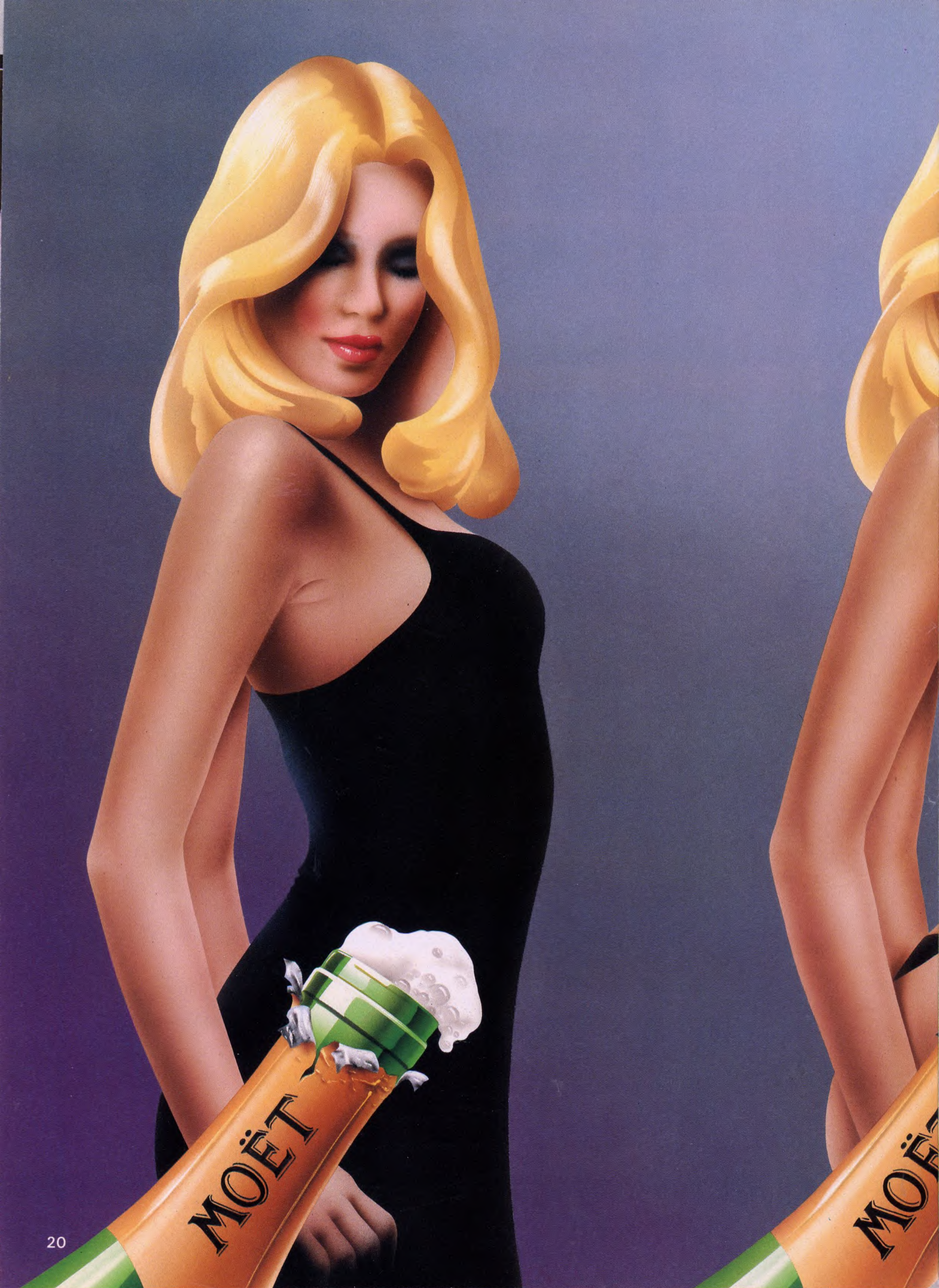
'Oh yes,' he continued practically prodding my wife with his bulging crotch. 'My body is a deadly weapon.'

My wife smiled, and pushed him and his expanding parts away from her.

'Trouble is,' she said. 'Your weapon is a deadly body.'

Hugh Briss, Lewisham


CAZ
WE'VE STILTON OR BLUE WENSLEYDALE....
BUT FOR SOMETHING REALLY STRONG, TRY THE MILLCHESTER GREEN.
DOES IT HAVE MUCH OF A BITE?
A BITE? SHOW HIM BOY!
GRRR
MAKES THE STILTON LOOK TAME DOESN'T IT.
CHOMP
CHOMP


MOËT
MOËT

ACTION REPLAY

Tamara's body language was encouraging, but it was heavy going, like talking to a maiden aunt. Then her pink tongue flicked out of her mouth, and I groaned inside. But this was impossible. Deja vu. Hadn't we already been through this precise scenario the previous night? Time will tell

Fiction by
Sam White

ILLUSTRATION BY
TERRY PASTOR

I knew something was wrong — I didn't have a hangover. Nor, when I went downstairs, were there champagne stains on the carpet.

'Odd,' I said, 'very odd.'

And where was the empty Moët bottle? I sniffed the air for a scent of her perfume. There was no sign of her.

'The bitch,' I said.

I remembered, with clarity, the erotic switching of her butterfly emblazoned nylons as she crossed her high-jumpers legs, and touched a nail painted finger to the corner of her mouth.

The black tube dress she wore had slid fractionally up her thighs. Buttons of her suspenders, like tiny pebbles, were thrown in relief, and her braless breasts, pushed against the stretching fabric.

The recognition of potential conquest stirred my loins. All day I'd been anticipating sliding my hands over her naked body. And she knew it.

My hand hovered above her knee gripping the champagne bottle.

'Some more?' I said, and filled her glass before putting the bottle by her foot.

'Are you thinking of seducing me?'

'Yes,' I said.

She smiled.

'In that case I'm going.'

'Tamara!'

Standing abruptly, she kicked over the champagne, smoothed her dress and walked, bottom swanking, to the door.

I collapsed, face down, into the still warm divot

continued from page 21

in the sofa. Her scent burnt in my nostrils like exhaust, and I hammered a fist of frustration into the puddle of champagne. 'The prick-teaser of a bitch — all bloody day!'

Women like Tamara should be put in a room with a hundred sex starved sailors. I was furious, and chased solace down the level of a whisky bottle before flaking out alone in bed. I would ring Geoff first thing in the morning, and complain.

Now padding about in the morning after there wasn't a hint of Tamara, and I presumed, in the drunken rage of rejection, I'd destroyed all the evidence.

The door bell rang. It layered the confusion as when I opened the door there was the postman with the same package he'd delivered the day before.

'Some mistake here?' I said as he asked me to initial his book.

'Thanks squire,' he said.

'This came yesterday,' I said holding it toward him.

'Lovely day in'it?' he said, and walked off without paying a blind bit of notice.

I shook my head and went to prove to myself I'd already received the package. I'd left it unopened on the kitchen sideboard. It was no longer there and with the faint flickering of alarm I put the new package down.

By the time I arrived at the office I realised I was living through a repeat of Tuesday. I was to be confronted with the experience of Tamara all over again.

Claire, my secretary, was sitting prim at her desk as I marched in — bubbling with the revelation.

'Good morning,' I said, and grinned, 'the most bizarre thing is happening — it's an action replay on yesterday, have you noticed?'

'Hello Colin, would you like some coffee?'

'Black,' I said, 'and strong.'

She smiled at me. It was *deja vu,* even to the mishap when she carried the coffee into my office, and slopped some in a saucer.

'Whoops,' she said, and dabbed at the spillage with a tissue.

'You can't hear anything I didn't say yesterday, can you?'

'My apologies,' she said, 'never could have been a waitress.'

Perhaps after all I was dead — killed by alcohol, and in purgatory living over and over my last day in an endless circle of sexual rejection.

I knew Geoff would be my first telephone call. He was the managing director of the PR firm we employed. They were performing well and were in the process of completing a whole batch of brochures and releases on our company's new range of modems. Geoff was due over to discuss the copy and generally chew the rag on the company's performance. Claire switched him through.

'Hello Geoff, how's your luck?'

'Colin, good morning.'

'This will slay you Geoff, we've had this conversation already — you're going to tell me you can't make it, be terribly apologetic and ask if it's OK for Tamara —'

Geoff was in full speil.

'It would help me tremendously if Tamara Barclay could substitute for me.'

'Does she understand the business?' I said wearily, and hit my forehead with my hand.

'She knows more about it than me, anyway you've met her at our office — last time you came over.'

'I've met her alright,' I said, but Geoff ignored me.

'She'll be over at 11, as agreed.'

'I'll buy her lunch,' I said.

'No problem,' said Geoff.

She swept in 30 minutes late (as I knew she would be!) apologetic but fiesty. Very confident and brimming with enthusiasm. Her skin was china with the only colour from cosmetics on her high cheekbones.

'Good to meet you again Mr De Burgh,' she said, and thrust out her piano fingered hand.

'Colin, please,' I said, as she attempted a masculine handshake.

'Tamara for me then,' she said, and plonked down her brass buckled briefcase before matching my questioning gaze with one of glittering resolve.

'Let's get down to business,' she said, and flicked open her case to hoist out a batch of files.

'No preamble then? Idle chat about the weather — cricket, netball?'

She checked to see if I was taking the rise, decided I was and laughed with a brittle edge.

'Wrong side of bed was it?' she said.

I decided to try one more time to settle the day's dilemma.

'You should know,' I said.

Tamara was deaf to anything I hadn't said yesterday. I was pissing in the wind.

'Let's take it from the top,' I said, and resigned myself to the fact that all my efforts were going to be wasted.

Geoff was right. This woman knew the business, and I found myself having to concentrate on what I was saying.

Tamara listened intently, sometimes scribbling notes and then slinging in a pertinent question. It was far sharper than the indulgent meanderings Geoff and I wallowed through. Plus this Tamara was a lot more entertaining to watch, and I idly speculated on what she might be like between the sheets, her wide mouth with American teeth sucking on my tool. No chance, I knew!

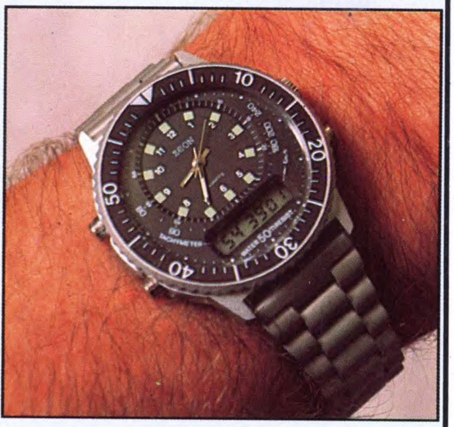
I winced as she shot me a penetrating glance, and said, 'I gather from Geoff the form is to stop for lunch.'

'We usually share a bottle of Frascati over a plate of pasta.'

turn to page 36

SPLASH OUT...WITH MAYFAIR'S DIVER'S WATCH

The ideal present for the adventurous man, *Mayfair's* watch offers quartz accuracy with a host of features. It's irresistibly masculine, and at just £39.95, now's the time.



Superbly accurate quartz timekeeping * Digital and analogue display * Waterproof to 50 metres * Anodised aluminium case and strap * Stop watch accurate to 1/100th second * Alarm * Day/Date calendar * Hourly chime * Rotating bezel * 12/24 hour format * Mineral glass * 1 year guarantee.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: WATCH OFFER, Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me ...... watches at £39.95. I enclose a cheque/postal order made payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO IS

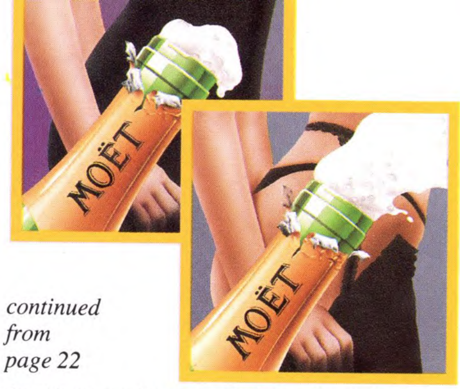
NAME

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE

M219

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (IMO).



continued from page 22

Couldn't we have sandwiches brought in — there's so much to get through.' She frowned and gestured at the scattered files.

'You're the boss,' I said, and buzzed through to Claire.

She attacked the sandwiches with relish and as I split a tube of lager I attempted to chip away at her veneer.

It was hard work — like talking to an aunt — and I began to wonder if she might be a dyke, and when her pink tongue flicked out to remove a fleck of mayonnaise from her lip I groaned inside.

I imagined her body encased in that tube dress clinging all the way down to her sweet knees. She chose to remain oblivious, and placed another sheet of brochure copy in front of me. I was finding it increasingly difficult to concentrate.

'Did you write this?' I said.

'I knocked it into shape.'

'It's good,' I said, and scribbled a few minor amendments. 'Next.'

She dealt me another, and another. They were read, dissected and approved.

'It isn't usually this straight forward with Geoff.'

'Must be my lucky day,' she said.

With my prescience I knew this was the point where I began my play for her. Tamara up until now hadn't shown a chink in her Greenham Common armour. Frosty efficiency ruled the day but as she realised the meeting was progressing well she began to relax and come off the strictly business 'man to man' style.

I persisted in nudging the shift of mood. 'I'll tell Geoff you can be his substitute any time.'

'Thank you,' she said, and awarded me a smile.

'He's a lovely fellow but you're much better to look at.'

'Shall we stick to the matters in hand?'

'Slip of the tongue.'

'Understood.'

I was powerless to prevent the pattern emerging, and as I deliberately pondered the last item on the agenda I made my pitch.

'First time Geoff came over he invited me out to dinner, he claimed it was company policy.'

'We've changed the policy.'

'What — I have to take you instead?'

For the first time she appeared indecisive and fiddled with the corner of her notepad.

'Is that an invitation?'

'If you'd like it to be.'

I took her to *Yearly's* off the Barnett Road well aware the mood would shift from the machinations of business into the slip and slide of seduction.

The food was Michelin starred, her body language encouraging, and entranced by the idea of her body I fed her rehearsed anecdotes.

I tried again to explain we'd been down this route before — the exact words, mannerisms, dips and dives, scoring points but I was shouting inside my brain, 'It's impossible!'

Tamara spooned sorbet into her mouth. 'I don't mind admitting I was nervous,' she said.

'You did fine,' I said, and suffered the chill of expectation over the next lines.'

'I bet you and Geoff finish off with men talk at your place.'

'We discuss stocks and shares and drink champagne.'

'I don't have a portfolio,' she said, 'but I'm a sucker for champagne.'

'We could play Trivial Pursuits.'

She laughed. It was like having a trapped nerve.

'I'd rather stick to champagne.'

Back home I felt the web of repetition clam my limbs. Tamara nosed around the living room while I broke the foil on the Moët.

Handing her a glass I sat across the room in the armchair while she chose the sofa.

'Are you sure this isn't familiar?' I said.

'To a very successful day,' said Tamara, and chin chinned me with her wine.

'I wished it could be,' I said, and Tamara stared at me with her frozen pond eyes.

She crossed her limitless legs, and touched a nail painted finger to the corner of her mouth.

The black tube dress she wore slid fractionally up her thighs. Buttons of her suspenders like tiny pebbles were thrown in relief and her braless breasts, pushed against the stretching fabric.

My head hammered. Here we go — ad infinitum — as I watched my hand hover above her knee gripping the champagne bottle.

'Some more?' I said, and filled her glass before putting the bottle by her foot.

'Are you thinking of seducing me?'

The demon exploded.

'No,' I said.

She smiled and stood abruptly, knocking over the champagne while I slumped onto the sofa. Her fingers dipped to the hem of her dress, and pulled the material up and over her head.

'Tamara?'

I gazed dumbfounded at her body, the taut suspenders stretching the nylon up her thighs, and then the apologetic panties packed with her pubis and a few golden curly hairs peeping from the lace band.

My eyes devoured her and settled on her breasts. They jiggled as she shook the mane of her hair.

'This isn't meant to happen,' I said as she knelt in front of me and took my hands.

'You're nervous,' she said while I was haunted by the thought this might be part two of a terrible tease.

She kissed the palms of my hand, and pulled them to her breasts. The nipples blossomed and tentatively I cupped and caressed her.

'You're not going?' I croaked.

'Don't be silly,' she said, and hooked her hands behind my neck to ease me from the sofa, and fall back herself with her hair drowning in the puddle of champagne.

'This is what client liaison is all about,' I said.

She looked up at me — her eyes were mischievous, a PR smile parting her lips. 'We always look after our clients,' she said.

'Sometimes,' I said, and dropped my head to hers.

I kissed her top lip. Her mouth slacked open and her tongue sought mine. I was still tense, primed for her to vanish but her hands wrapped round my back and urged me on with her breath quickening in perfumed bursts.

My fingers slid, exploring down her flank. She

turn to page 38

SWISS WATCHES AT DUTY FREE PRICES

FROM £13.00
+£1.95 POSTAGE AND PACKING

swiss watch
QUARTZ
swiss watch
QUARTZ
swiss watch
QUARTZ

Fashionable black Swiss watch ★ Quartz accuracy ★ Waterproof to 30 metres ★ Date ★ Plastic case and strap ★ One year guarantee. Price £14.

White Swiss watch with Roman numerals ★ Quartz accuracy ★ Waterproof to 30 metres ★ Plastic case and strap ★ One year guarantee. Price £13.

Fashionable white Swiss watch ★ Quartz accuracy ★ Waterproof to 30 metres ★ Modern plastic case and strap ★ One year guarantee. Price £13.

They are the latest fun idea, and a great present even for a person who has a watch already. We first spotted these stylish Swiss watches on sale on the international airlines, and being eagerly snapped up. Now we can offer them at the same price, simply by cutting down our profit margin. Prices start as low as £13, yet these high fashion leisure watches offer quartz accuracy, are waterproof to 30 metres (ideal for swimming!), and guaranteed for a year. Order yours now.

Please send me
......(Qty) White Swiss watches with Roman numerals at £13 each.
......(Qty) Black Swiss watches with date at £14 each.
......(Qty) White Swiss watches with plain face at £13 each.
Please add £1.95 for postage, packing and insurance.

All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (IMO).

I enclose cheque/PO for.........made payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, or debit my Access/American Express account

MY CARD NO IS ____

NAME ____

ADDRESS ____

M219

____ SIGNATURE ____

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS OR SEND ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION

TO MAYFAIR
SWISS WATCH
OFFER.
MAYFAIR
MAGAZINE,
95A,
CHANCERY
LANE
LONDON
WC2A 1DZ.

Action Replay

continued from page 36

murmured encouragement, and I paused to enjoy the transition of stocking to skin, fiddling with the button of her suspenders before slipping my hand between her pliant thighs. The satin of her panties was hot and moist, her thighs fell apart, and then her palms pushed at my head.

'Lick me,' she said. 'Please.'

I idled on my journey down her body with my lips moiling her breasts, licking over her naked skin, and then hooking the filigree edge of knickers aside I kissed the bustle of her pubic hair, flicking my tongue at her lips.

Splaying her thighs apart, she whipped her head side to side, and her fingers groped for my thickening tackle rubbing me solid through the material of my trousers.

The button of her clitoris engorged with her gasps. Her bottom squirmed, and leaving off massaging me, she hugged my head hard into her excited sex. The sense of dislocation was helping pace my performance, and finishing muffing I shifted to kneel between her legs. Her fingers scrabbled at my fly, and when open she burrowed in to grasp the swollen flesh.

'Now that's what I call column inches,' she said.

'And I know what I'd like to see it in,' I said.

Rather than destroy the tantalizing trio of stockings, suspenders and panties I pulled aside the triangle of satin to plant the tip between her turgid lips.

As I thrust into her she gasped, opened shocked eyes, grinned and clutched my shoulders. I slid my weapon out and in, she shivered with delight, arching up her hips to welcome it. She wasn't going to escape now, impaled to the hilt on my prick, and as I struck home I sensed the immense charge of ejaculation.

It was sex like there was no tomorrow, and she bucked and shivered, urging me to climax, she tore the shirt from my waistband and scored her nails down my back.

Rigid in the rictus of her own climax she cried through clenched teeth. 'Come! Please oh, please!'

I did, deep inside her, and she whimpered, spent, and wrapped her legs around me refusing to let me go while my cock shuddered.

We gently rested in post coitus. I looked with intrigue at her face. Her skin glowed with the fresh colour of pleasure.

'You look surprised,' she said.

'Would you beleve me if I said time stood still.'

'Very complimentary.'

'No really,' I said, and rolled off her ready to explain.

'Shush,' she said, and reached for her dress, 'I must go.'

She dressed quickly, combed her hair, and squatted to kiss me farewell, and tuck my tool back into my trousers.

I was all for her staying but she joked it off.

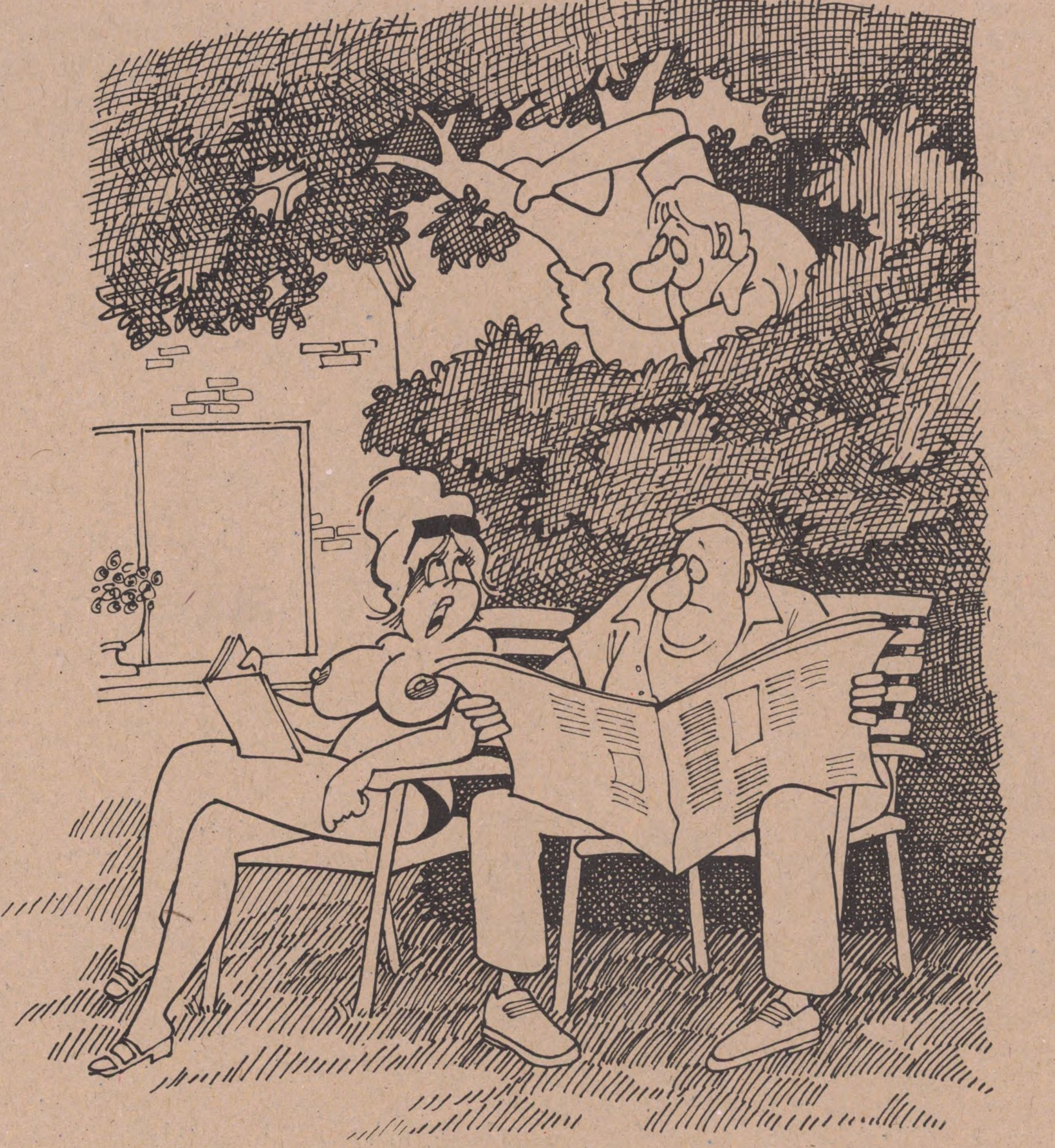
'I'm sure Geoff didn't.'

'True,' I said, and smiled as she allowed me one last intimate stroke of her body, and then she touched her fingers to my lips and walked, bottom swanking, to the door.

I was fucked, and chased down the level of a whisky bottle before flaking out alone in bed.

Waking up I knew something was wrong — I didn't have a hangover. Nor, when I went downstairs, were there champagne stains on the carpet.

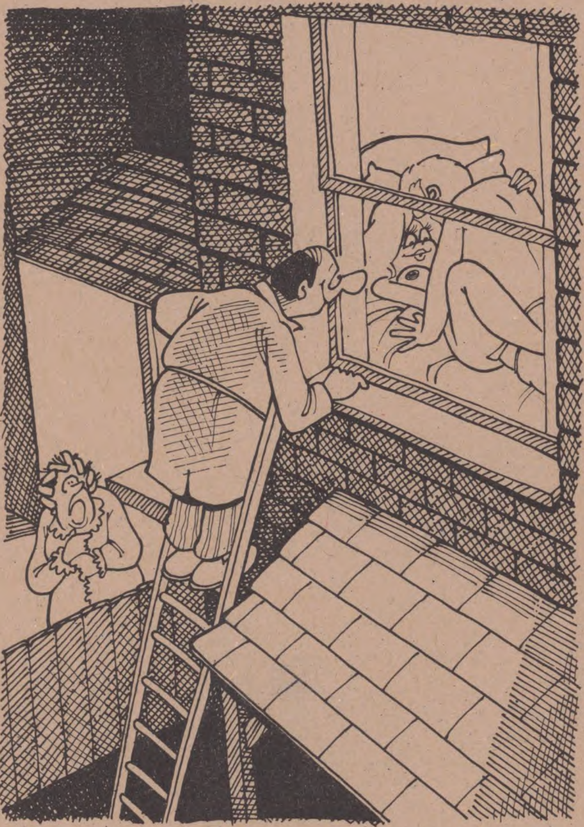
'Odd,' I said, 'very odd.



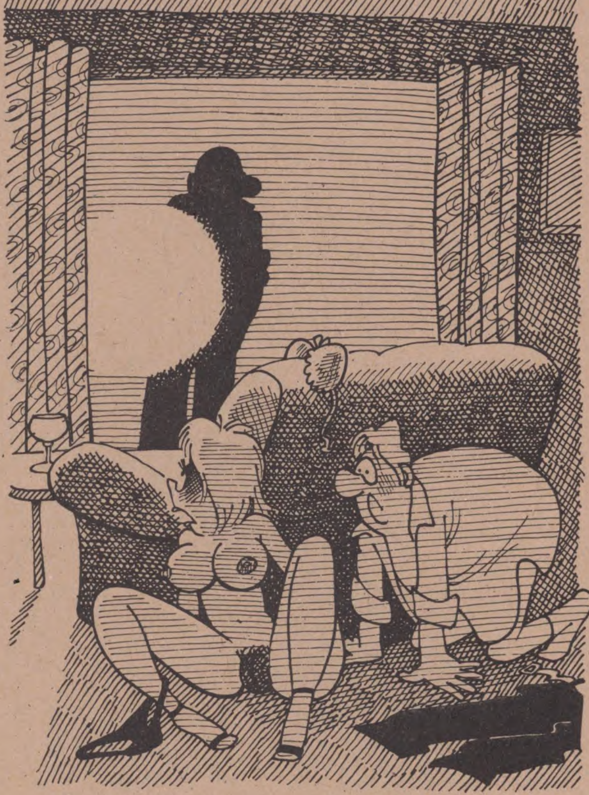
'I think Mr Partridge is taking this Neighbourhood Watch scheme a little too seriously, darling.'

WATCH –IT'S NEIGHBOURLY

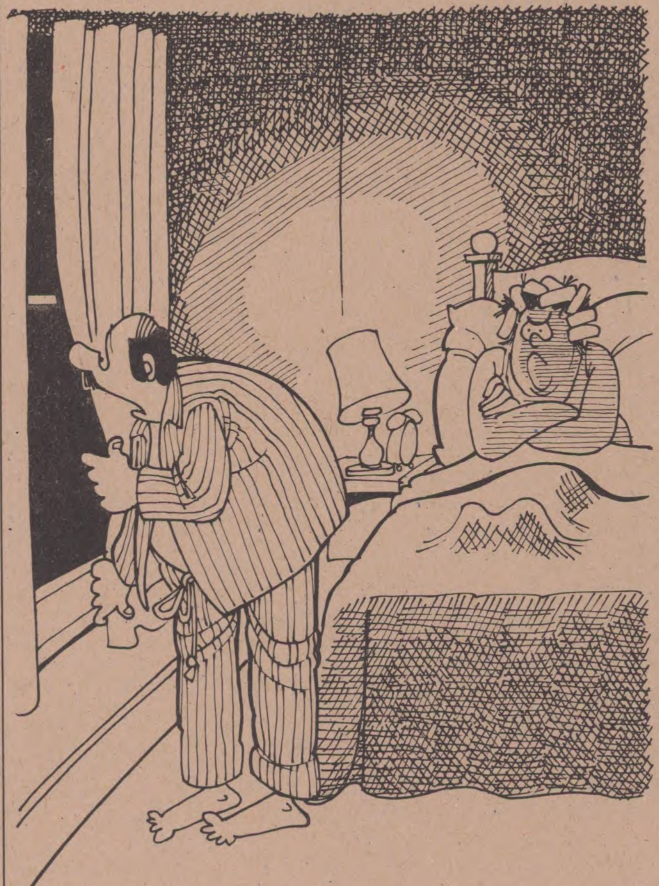
A rustle in the bushes? A face at the window?
It's only the Neighbourhood Watch at work. Cartoonist
Anthony joined them on the look-out for laughs



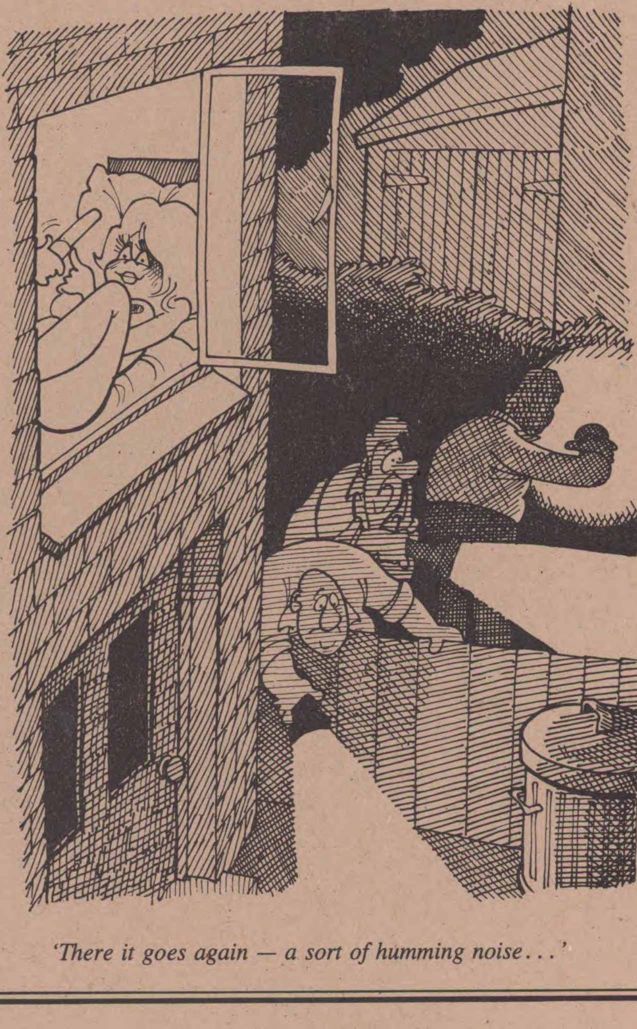
'Is there somebody trying to gain entry next door, Arnold?'



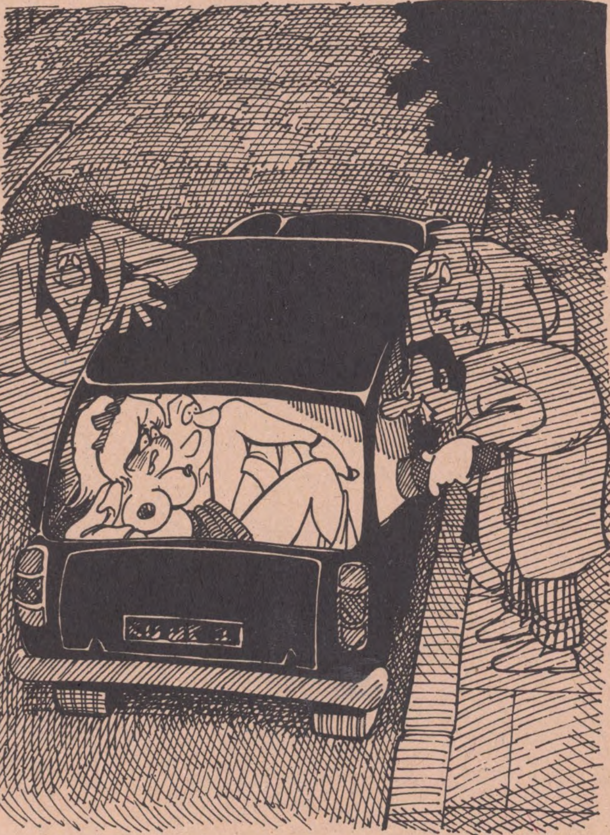
*'It's Mr Potterton from next door
checking on the place while my parents are out.'*



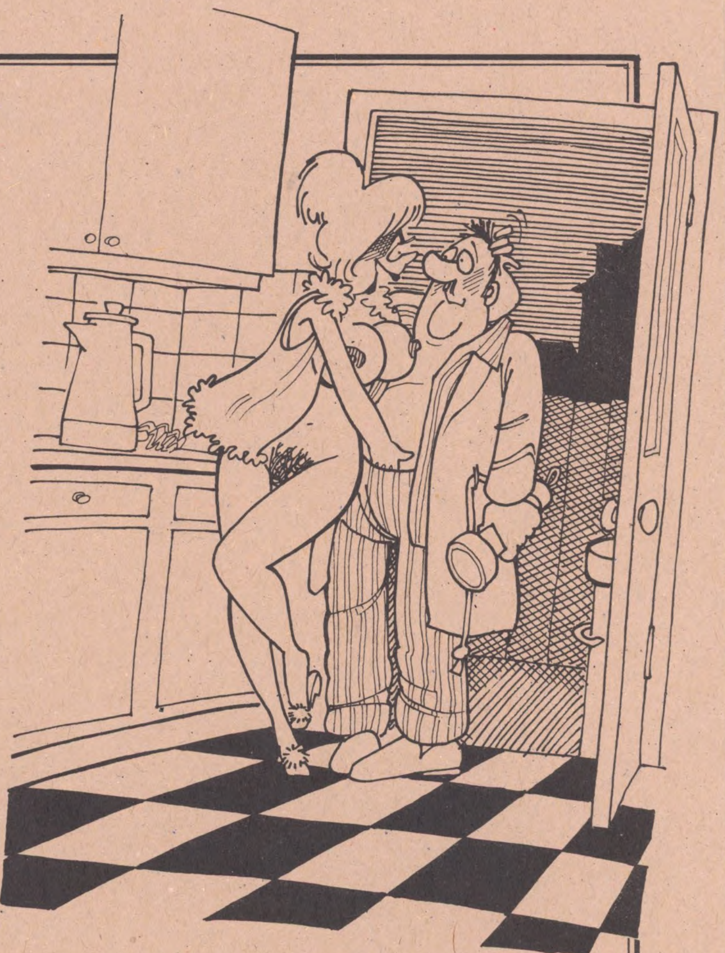
*'It must be burglars.
Miss Ripley never closes her bedroom curtains.'*



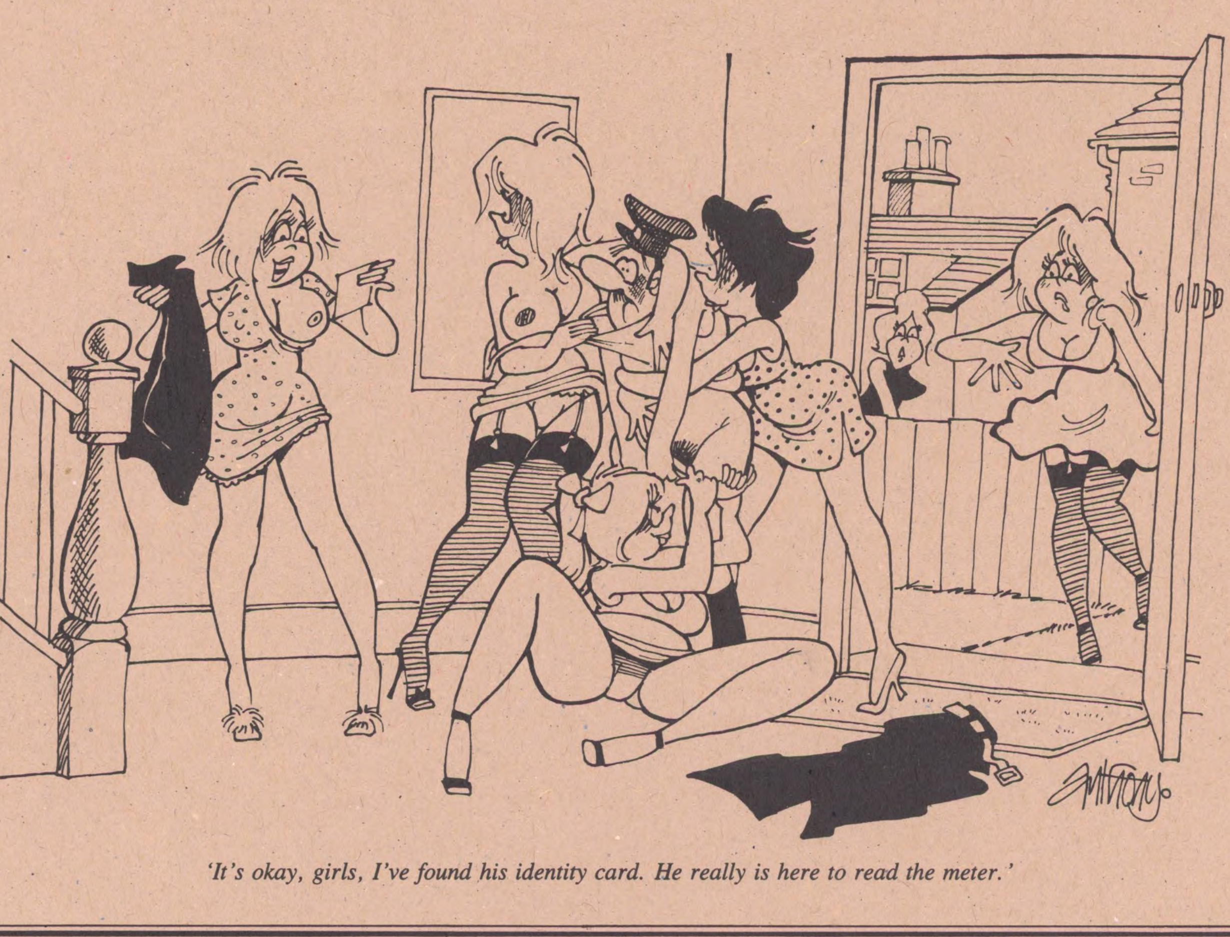
'There it goes again — a sort of humming noise . . .'



'We saw this unfamiliar car parked in the avenue, and thought we'd better investigate.'



'Don't worry about my husband, Mr Cross. He's gone round to check on your house.'



'It's okay, girls, I've found his identity card. He really is here to read the meter.'

The Mayfair Book Society

SEXUAL POSITIONS

One of our all-time top-selling books, *Sexual Positions* is so popular that we are responding to your requests for a hardback edition. This book depicts the sheer horniness of sex like no other we have ever seen. A beautiful naked woman gives herself completely to a handsome man. And this is portrayed in 224 superb full-colour photos. This volume will take pride of place in the collection of any connoisseur of erotica. It is a book to be savoured alone or enjoyed with a loving partner as you embark on a voyage of sexual discovery and fulfilment.

NOW IN HARDBACK **£9**

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

In 42 full-page photos a man and a woman demonstrate a wide variety of love-making positions. In this honest, practical and liberated guide to the physical side of sex, author Mogens Toft describes how a woman can manipulate her own and her lover's erotogenic zones for heightened pleasure.

£5.80

ALSO AVAILABLE ▪▪▪▪▪▪

HOW TO LAST LONGER	£9.85
DEAR DOC	£3
THE PILLOW BOOK	£6.70
20th CENTURY MASTERS OF EROTIC ART	£10.50

The Most Rewarding Sex Book Ever

Sexual Happiness is the most sophisticated guide to physical love we've encountered, offering a tried and tested practical means of evaluating and improving your sex life. It highlights in an easy-to-use form — aided by the most intimate of illustrations including oral sex and penetration — the differences and similarities between the feelings of men for women, and vice versa. It is the first step towards removing the obtacles that limit your enjoyment of sex. Written by Maurice Yaffé, senior clinical psychologist at Guy's Hospital, and Elizabeth Fenwick, a respected medical writer, *Sexual Happiness* will help you establish your own sexual identity. *Sexual Happiness* is available in three forms — the limpback *Sexual Happiness For Women* (£6.95); the limpback *Sexual Happiness For Men* (£6.95) or a hardback edition combining both the previous books (£12).

SEXUAL HAPPINESS FOR WOMEN £6.95

In part one you discover your sexual profile, and depending on the answers, you are guided to the next relevant section of the book, which may include the 'problem charts'. There are five chapters: Sex Profile; Problem Charts; Ways To Improve Your Sex Life; a section dealing with the woman who has a steady partner; and a single woman. There's advice on how to perform oral sex; best positions for deep penetration; how to choose a vibrator and how to use it; and how a woman can give herself pleasure in other ways.

SEXUAL HAPPINESS FOR MEN £6.95

This volume adopts the same five chapters as the women's version, but each aspect is dealt with from the man's point of view. Subjects covered under the 'Problem Charts' chapter include low self-esteem, masturbation, premature ejaculation, and in the chapter 'The Man With A Steady Partner' advice is offered on dealing with sex drive discrepancies, avoiding sexual boredom, infidelity and jealousy.

SEXUAL HAPPINESS — A Practical Approach £12

This is the deluxe hardback edition which combines the above two volumes, and is a complete plan for evaluating and improving your sex life, with the emphasis on self analysis and self help. Ideal for the couple at home, it nevertheless offers practical and confidence-boosting advice for both unattached men and women. It deals constructively with the rich and diverse pattern of human sexuality.

To: Mayfair Book Society: 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2.
Please send me, under plain wrapper, the books I have ticked.

Sexual Happiness For Women £6.95 ☐
Sexual Techniques £5.80 ☐
Sexual Positions £9 ☐
Sexual Happiness For Men £6.95 ☐
How to Last Longer £9.85 ☐
Dear Doc £3 ☐
Sexual Happiness (joint edition) £12 ☐
The Pillow Book £6.70 ☐
Masters of Erotic Art £10.50 ☐

I enclose cheque/PO for £. . . . : made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Or debit my Access/American Express Account

My Card No is. . . . . .Name . . . .

Address. . . . . Signature . . . .

Orders clearly printed with name and address on plain paper are acceptable. Prices include postage and packing, and books are sent under plain cover.

M219

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Beach Boys still surfin' 25 years on

As any reader of this column will already know, as far as I am concerned the Beach Boys are just as capable of walking across the water as surfing on it. They are currently celebrating their 25th anniversary as a group with a massive 110 date four month tour of the USA, a brand new single, and the re-release of six of their classic sixties albums. And in one of his rare interviews, their writer, arranger, producer, singer and guiding light, Brian Wilson, spoke of his plans for the group's future as well as clearing up some of the popular myths and misconceptions surrounding their quarter-century history. 'I am a lazy person by nature, and when I push myself, that's when I do my best work. I jump off my seat, jump onto the piano, hop into a mood, put a goddam song together, and run into the studio and fire that goddam record together. I produce records in a matter of minutes — half an hour maybe from writing to recording.' Quite an artistic feat by any standards, but when you reflect that he is referring to the classic songs he wrote for the Beach Boys, you realise that the much over-used word 'genius' is the only apt phrase to describe his extraordinary talents. Speaking exclusively to *Mayfair* from his home on the beach in Malibu, California, he shed some light on the creative process which has produced evergreen classics like *I Get Around, Fun, Fun, Fun, Good Vibrations* and *California Girls*. 'I go through a period of enlightenment, then I have a time lapse while I do some thinking. Then when it starts welling up inside me I just go up to the piano, and I hop to it and get a smash. I get an inspiration, I guess, and flip. It just comes out of me like butter.'

He revealed that anger is a major source of inspiration. 'I get angry with myself for being a lazy bum, and say get off your ass and do something. Then I go in and do something good.'

Brian finds coming up with the right lyrics the hardest part of songwriting. They are usually autobiographical, often about girls he has known or close friends. In the case of the sixties anthem, *Good Vibrations*, inspiration came from a chance remark made to Brian by his mother. 'She gave me the idea. She told me once that dogs pick up vibrations from people, and they bark at some people, and don't bark at others. She said that's because people send them vibrations that make them bark. So later on when I was writing at my piano in Beverly Hills I wrote the song I called *Good Vibrations*.'

It took six solid weeks of studio work to perfect that song which still ranks as one of the most if not *the* most expensive single record ever produced. Around 100 instrumental tracks were recorded before Brian got the sound he wanted. But remarkably it took only about 18 takes to get the vocals right. That was in the sixties when studio facilities and production techniques were nowhere near as advanced as they are now. 'I am very jealous of all the modern studio techniques available to bands,' Brian said. When he writes a song for the group and they go into the studio to record, Brian does not have the sound all mapped out in his mind. 'Phil Spector is able to do that. But I can't. I discuss it with the guys in the studio.'

Brian's personal favourite Beach Boys song is *California Girls* which was released in 1965. 'I think it sounds the best. I like the intro which I produced and arranged myself. The album I am most satisfied with is *Friends*.'

Speaking of the **Pet Sounds** album which was released in May 1966 and pre-dates the Beatles' Sgt Pepper's, Brian is philosophical rather than bitter. At the time some critics, including myself, regarded it as the turning point in pop music, and the most innovative album of the sixties with its cycle of songs about relationships, and extraordinarily advanced production. But at the time it was generally over-shadowed by Sgt Pepper's, although critics are now swinging round to the opinion that it greatly influenced the Beatles' record. 'It didn't annoy me at the time, but I thought it was better than it was given credit for. I don't know if it influenced the Beatles, but I think they liked it.'

Brian regards the Beatles as his favourite sixties group, and says

turn to page 32

VIDEOS GALORE
Three full colour brochures packed from cover to cover with adult video pleasure. Each one illustrated with detailed description of content.
SEND £2 REFUNDABLE WITH PURCHASE
ONLY £2

The Adult
VIDEO BOOK
£2
ADULT SP
VID

VIDEOS START FROM ONLY £2.50 EACH
—PREVIOUSLY UP TO £39.95 EACH

I enclose £2, please send me the three video catalogues above, under plain cover, (refundable on first order).
Name
Address
I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors.
I am over 18. Signed
BEXLEY VIDEO (Dept **MF**), 14 Bourne Road, Bexley, Kent DA5 1PA.

ADULT PREVIEW CASSETTE
FROM AMSTERDAM
This preview cassette shows you the best explicit scenes from several films. We are selling this video below cost price. Once you have seen the real thing we know you will buy a full length cassette.
We accept UK Cheques & P/Orders: Postage 22p to Holland
ORDER FROM
J. BRAUN, Suit 38, NZ KOLK 33
1012 P.V. AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND
When ordering please state system required VHS ☐ or BETA ☐
PREVIEW CASSETTE
ONLY £8.50
UK DESPATCHED

The best choice from Sweden of
– Films
– Magazines
– Videos (NTSC + PAL)
Write for a free catalogue! Be on our Reg. Mailingliats
We have the goods you are looking for!
Guaranteed delivery
Scanda Export, Box 15300, S-104 65 Stockholm, SWEDEN
I enclose £ 2 to cover postage for your color catalogue – I am interested in Video ☐, Mags ☐, Films ☐.
Name ....
Address ....
....
(I am over 18 years of age) PRINT PLAINLY PLEASE

Mayfair is anxious that services offered by advertisers should meet with the approval of readers. For this reason, comments on any advertised services would be welcome. Please address any comments that you may have to The Editor, *Mayfair*, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. It is important that you supply us with your full name and address, so that we may inform you of our findings. Your name and address will not be disclosed to anyone without your express written permission

PEN PALS

Make yourself a new friend right away with MATCHMAKER, a monthly catalogue of EXCITING NEW CONTACTS, penpals and sweethearts near and far.

Every page is ABSOLUTELY PACKED with descriptive commentaries and photographs of people who are waiting to hear from YOU.

WRITE NOW enclosing a stamp, if possible. By return we will RUSH to you an APPROVAL copy of MATCHMAKER to view for yourself.

MATCHMAKER, Dept. R.1.
CHORLEY, LANCS. PR7–4BS.

FLAWLESS DIAMONDS
with certificates

THE RAREST OF THE RARE, PERHAPS ONE IN HALF A MILLION.

Prestons bring you the only collection in the UK of CIBJO* Certificated 'Loupe Clean' diamonds, from 0.20 cts upwards, mounted as solitaires in 18 ct yellow gold or platinum.

Also a large selection of other certificated diamond solitaires from about £250.

Write or 'phone for further details and our free booklet 'DIAMONDS'.

Prices from around £375.

* CIBJO Certificates are unbiased evaluations, completely independent of the sellers and are the most authoritative in Western Europe.

THE DIAMOND CENTRE OF THE NORTH ESTABLISHED 1869

Department (D7), Prestons of Bolton, 2, Deansgate,
Bolton, BL1 1BT. Telephone: (0204) 25476. Telex: 63221.
BRANCHES AT YORK, ALTRINCHAM, WILMSLOW, LEIGH.

Prestons of Bolton

NEW!
LOVE AIDS

LOVE AIDS Catalogue

"At last a brochure designed to help equate the physical problems encountered in marriage".
Write or call for our 40 page colour catalogue. Plus **Free Vibrator!**
Send only **£3.00.** (Refundable)

FREE ★ ★ ★ ★ VIBRATOR!!

FACTORY & PARTY PLAN AGENTS REQ.

HOUSE OF PAN 420
Unit 18, Roman Way, Coleshill,
Birmingham B46 1RL. **TEL (0675) 62528**

DUREX

36 FETHERLITE	£7.20
36 NUFORM	£7.45
36 FIESTA	£6.70
36 BLACK SHADOW	£6.70
36 GOSSAMER **LUBRICATED**	£6.55
50 AEGIS **STIMULANT** OR **DELAY**	£8.99
50 AEGIS **ROUGH** OR **RIBBED**	£7.99
50 AEGIS **FRUIT FLAVOURED**	£9.99
50 AEGIS **TIGHT FIT**	£9.99
50 AEGIS **BIG BOY**	£8.99
SUPER VARIETY SELECTION PACK	£6.99

Return ad. with any order for **25 FREE** lubricated worth £5.00
AEGIS PRODUCTS. (420)
Coleshill, Birmingham B46 1RL
Credit Cards Tel: (0675) 62528 24 hours

FREE OFFER

continued from page 31

they in turn influenced his sound. 'I think a person who says everything came from themselves should be hospitalised. Phil Spector had a great deal of influence on me, and some of the Motown soul singing as well. The Beatles had a lot of influence on my production techniques. They opened up doors for me and helped me understand things I did not know before. Then in the late sixties I learned a lot from Three Dog Night.'

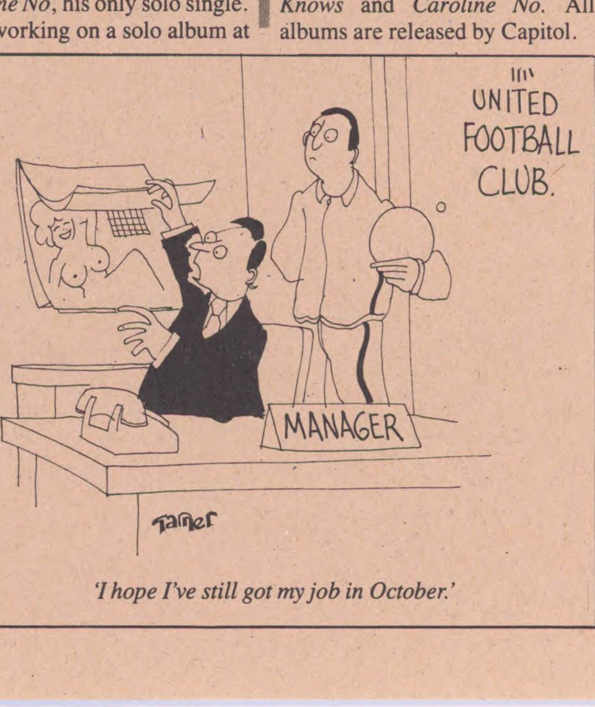
Amongst more contemporary musicians, Brian's favourites are Tears for Fears and Stevie Wonder. 'I started writing a song with Stevie Wonder two years ago, and I am planning on finishing it in the next month or so. We will probably both sing on it.'

When Brian formed the Beach Boys with his brothers Dennis and Carl, cousin Mike Love and friend Al Jardine back in 1961, he had no idea they would be around 25 years later. 'I didn't think it would last that long. I planned a solo career as a musician, but it was Dennis' idea. He asked me to write a song about surfing which was the latest craze.' Brian wrote *Surfin'* which after being a local California hit took the group to national fame and 25 years of hits. It was the Beach Boys who invented the whole surf music genre. 'I enjoy the Beach Boys even more now,' said Brian, 'and we'll carry on for at least another 25 years. I really enjoy performing because I like the feeling of contact with the fans and singing to people. It is a good feeling. We still enjoy doing all the old surfing songs.'

Other members of the band have released solo projects, but Brian has not done so yet, apart from *Caroline No*, his only solo single. 'I am working on a solo album at the moment. I've already written half of it, and it will have a lot of different tracks, little sound ditties I hope people will like.' Hopefully the album will be released late this year or early next.

Any plans for a Beach Boys tour of the UK? 'I'm not sure when we will come to England, but I'm sure there will be plans to come over as I'd like to very much.' Meanwhile we will have to content ourselves with the Beach Boys albums.

The reissued albums have all been digitally remastered for perfect sound quality. My favourite is **Summer Days (and Summer Nights!)** which features *California Girls, Then I Kissed Her* and *Help Me Rhonda*. It also marked Carl Wilson's first attempt at solo vocals *(Girl Don't Tell Me)*. He later went on to take Brian's place as lead singer. The other albums include **Surfer Girl,** dating back to 1963 which featured *In My Room, Little Deuce Coupe* and *Catch a Wave,* and which marked Brian's emergence as a producer; **Little Deuce Coupe,** also 1963. This was a concept album about the hot-rod craze with perfect cruising songs like *409, Shut Down* and *Custom Machine;* **All Summer Long,** which was released in 1964, was the Beach Boys' last real 'beach' album, and had the classic hits *I Get Around, All Summer Long, Wendy* and *Little Honda;* **Beach Boys Party** was a unique album, capturing the spontaneous atmosphere of a party 'live' in the studio. It includes a hilarious send up of *I Get Around* and *Little Deuce Coupe* as well as the hit single *Barbara ann;* And last but not least the aforementioned **Pet Sounds,** featuring *Wouldn't It Be Nice, Sloop John B, God Only Knows* and *Caroline No.* All albums are released by Capitol.



'I hope I've still got my job in October.'

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL

Adorable Anna James (Vol 17 No 5) is one of the girls in our five issue bargain packs. For £3.75, enjoy Vol 16 No 9, Vol 17 Nos 5 and 8 and Vol 18 Nos 5 and 6.

Other back numbers available include:
VOL. 15 No. 8 *(Saucy Sally, Lost locos of Barry Island)* £1.20; **9** *(Vivacious Viv — the nude from the Royal Shakespeare Theatre)* £1.20; **VOL. 16 No. 6** *(Queen's hairdresser, MG Magic)* £1.30; **9** *(Susie from Sherborne School, Powerboats)* £1.30; **11** *(Jannie from Page Three, Gymslip Capers)* £1.30; **VOL. 17 No. 4** *(Delicious Debbie Boyland, Billy Bishop: VC air ace)* £1.30; **6** *('Miss Nude UK' finalist, Bogus Beasts)* £1.30; **7** *(Bonnie Langford look-alike, Sex-mad Rasputin)* £1.30; **8** *(Joanie Allum nude, Windsurfing wizards)* £1.30; **11** *(Tula, the James Bond sex-change starlet, Jensens)* £1.30; **VOL. 18 No. 5** *('Dynasty' star, Hot rods)* £1.45; **6** *(Nude Miss Weymouth, Hendon's historic aircraft)* £1.45; **7** *(Bond beauties — Maud Adams, Joni Flynn, and Camella Thomas)* £1.45; **10** *(Kim Mills, Rifles)* £1.45; **VOL. 19 No. 1** *('Whose Baby?' hostess Nikki Critcher, Wild West gunfighters)* £1.45; **2** *(Miss Yugoslavia's nude debut, Joan Crawford full-frontal)* £1.45; **3** (Mayfair *scoops the* Penthouse *pet, Porsches)* £1.45; **4** *("Starbird" Carol Needham, Nurse Andrea)* £1.45; **5** *(Lindy Benson, Britain's first great air race)* £1.45; **6** *(Lingerie model Helen Masters, Rio's carnal carnival)* Issue banned by Menzies, £1.45; **7** *(Lynn Taylor, the Hurricane)* £1.45; **8** *(George Best's sexy girlfriend nude, Lagondas)* £1.45; **9** *(Top model Nike Clarke, Sunderland flying boat)* £1.45; **10** *(Telecom's TV ad girl Helle, Gambling at Monte Carlo)* £1.45; **12** *(Joanne Latham, 40 Girls of the Year, Morgans)* £2.25; **VOL. 20 No. 1** *(Top models Tracy Dixon, Sian Adey Jones, Molly Parkin short story)* £1.65; **2** *(Page Three pet Jane Warner, Brides in the bath murders)* £1.65; **3** *(40-in busted Danuta, Angie Lyn)* £1.65; **4** *(Stars who stripped for the cinema, Burke and Hare)* £1.65; **6** *(Bouncing boobs video, the Surrey puma)* £1.65; **7** *(We bare the new Bond beauties, Epic Cruise of the Emden)* £1.65; **8** *(The Sun's virgin strips, Early balloon pioneers)* £1.65; **9** *(Lynette Gordon, British International gymnast bared, We fly with the Schneider Trophy pilots)* £1.65; **10** *('Superbitch' Stephanie Beacham, Sinister Dr Crippen)* £1.65; **11** *(Marvellous Marina, The Black Watch)* £1.65; **12** *(Paul Newman's nudest co-star, General Patton)* £2.50; **VOL. 21 No. 1** *(Miss Scotland finalist nude, skate-sailing)* £1.65; **2** *(Julie from The Late Late Breakfast Show, Gloster Gladiator)* £1.65; **3** *(Miss Austria nude, Kent's vicious smugglers)* £1.65; **4** *(Marianne, the girl who beat Joan Collins to Peter Holm's bed, Spitfire)* £1.65; **5** *(Starbird of the Year finalist Tracy Neve, Andrea Kovic, The Kayak raid on Singapore)* £1.65; **6** *(The de-throned Miss France, Kamikaze)* £1.65; **7** *(The real Makepeace look alike, Nuclear submarine disasters)* £1.65; **8** *(Page Three and TV star Gail Thackray, Sylvannia the Test Match stripper, Opel GTs)* £1.65; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 3*, £2.25; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 4*, £2.50; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 5*, £2.65.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me your bargain offer and/or
these separate issues............................
Name ....
Address.......................................
....

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ ....
Reg. London No. 875169 M219

EATING OUT

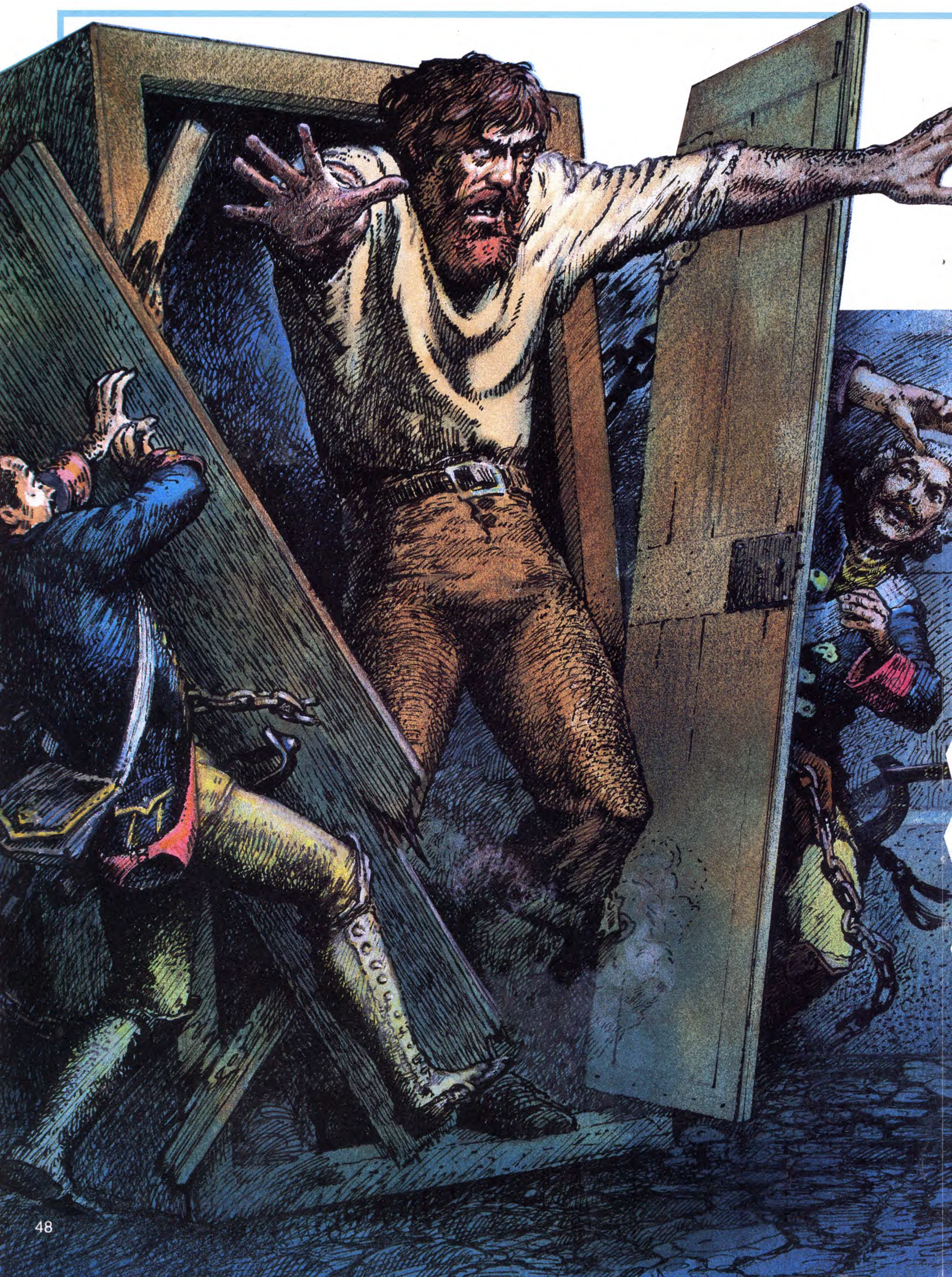
Brian O'Hanlon

When we are discussing the very best restaurants it is very necessary, as Dr Johnson would suggest, to clear our minds of cant. The best does not come cheap. It costs a lot of money to eat at the Hyatt Carlton Tower's **Chelsea Room** *2, Cadogan Place, London SW1, (Tel: 01 235 5411)*, not that £20 to £25 a head for lunch or dinner there seems expensive. Not when you have six baked oysters, (three with sorrel and green peppercorns, three with shredded vegetables) for £8.50, or *Feuillete d'Escargots Forestiere* at £6.50 (snails in a pastry case with wild mushrooms and cream) as your hors d'oeuvres. Then you can follow them with *Fricassee de Turbot et Homard* (£12.50), which is fingers of turbot and lobster baked in cream with cucumber, or *Mignons de Boeuf Arlequin* (£12.50) — two fillets tossed in butter, one served with a cream and shallot sauce, the other with red wine sauce. Paying £50 is not beyond the bounds of many of us for that special treat anymore, and I cannot think of a better way to enjoy one than in a five-star plus French restaurant. My guest and I did not have a bash at the 1926 *Margaux* (£380), besides which even the '78 *Dom Perignon* paled into, well, pettilance. No, I countented ourself with a demi of *Chateau Lugny* at £8, a crisp dry burgundy, followed by a '79 *Chateau Cissac Haut Medoc*, for £19. I think one of us followed that with *La Tranche de Nougat Glacée au Cointreau* (£4), and I think it was probably me. The *Chelsea Room* is worth every penny.

'I had lunch at *Kettners*. . . ' is still a remark which makes an interesting opening gambit. It's that sort of place. A Soho landmark, where most executive types who work in the West End have been at some time or another. **Kettners** *(29 Romilly Street, London W1. Tel: 01 437 6437)* was an Edwardian restuarant until taken over by Peter Boizot of *Pizza Express* fame. Its era, sadly, has passed. Mr Biozot replaced tablecloths with paper ones, said, 'Let's get the prices right', and set about making the old place go again. He has been very successful with a menu mix of burgers, charcoal-grilled steaks, and pizzas, an extended range of salads and desserts, and a very truncated wine list. A lovely touch of times-gone-by is the pianist at the grand piano, and old Afredo, brought out of retirement after 15 years, who sings Italian arias at lunchtime to the Yuppy media/film business clientele. There was much table-hopping and hand-shaking by people who obviously had not seen each other since the previous day, but it was infectious. Two pieces of garlic bread (95p each), three lamb chops, salad and chips, for my guest, costing £6.75, and a Pizza *Capricciosa* (ham, pepperonata, anchovy, egg, capers, olives, mozzarella, tomato) at £3.85 for me, taken with a bottle of *Frascati Superiore*, for a further £6.25. An excellent lunch, and a very happy one for us both.

Le Rififi *(Hay Hill, Mayfair, London W1. Tel: 01 493 8329/1660)* is the perenially popular classical nightspot. As 'with it' today as when it first opened its doors in 1968. It is owned by Marie and Tony, who had their West End training at two famous club names of the past, *Churchill's* and *Murray's*. It is still a place where you have to be decently dressed to get in, where the waiters wear dinner jackets, where the champagne is always in an ice bucket, and where the *entraineuses* (which is what they're calling the hostesses now) get younger and more alluring every year — unlike, I suppose, the customers. There's an extremely good menu and wine list, plus a small dance floor where cabaret takes place at 1am. Most of the acts are ladies who end up naked but it is no longer *come il faut* to refer to them as 'strippers'. Emphasis must be placed on their classic ballet movements rather than strip *manque!* Not to worry. *Le Rififi* is a fun night out in a most agreeable atmosphere for the over 35 age group. The full menu is served until 2.45am. There is a cover charge of £5 and a service charge of £15, but these extras do not apply if one only uses the bar. Membership is £15 a year. House specialities are mainly £10.50 *(Mignon, Strogonoff, Escalope de Veau, etc)*, and a bottle of *Krug* will cost you £50. The non-vintage stuff starts at £35, and all spirits are doubles, priced £3, with their appropriate mixers. I don't think £19.50 for a *Chateaubriand* for two at 2am unreasonable, and I did like Tessa's exotic dancing. Now that is ballet . . .

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.

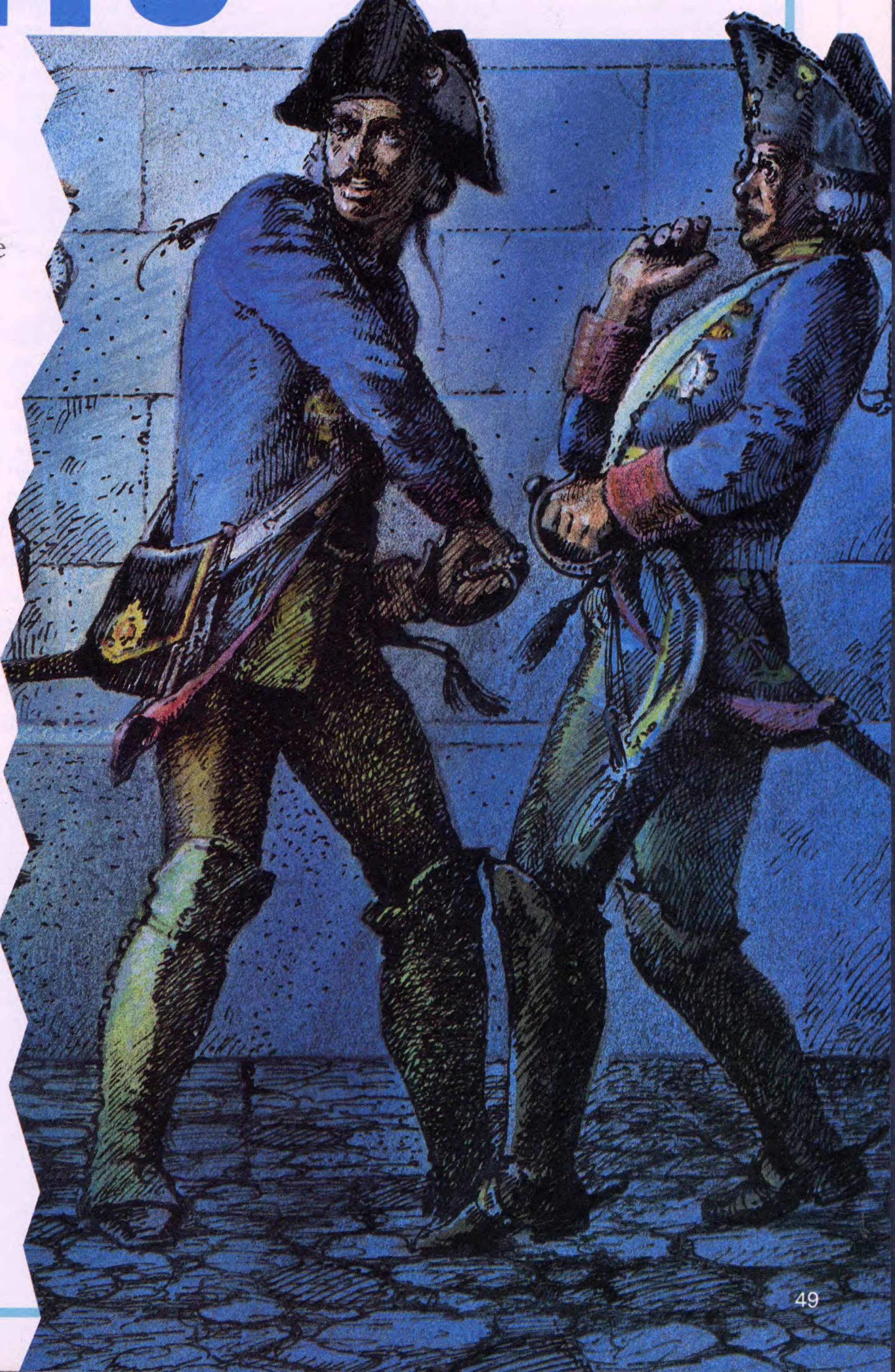


The curious history of Prussia's ARMY OF GIANTS

By Peter Congreve

ILLUSTRATION BY JULEK HELLER

Obsessed with his regiment of seven foot soldiers, King Frederick William would stop at nothing to swell their ranks. Agents scoured 18th century Europe for giants, kidnapping unwilling victims. And to make them taller still the fanatical monarch used to stretch them on the rack



Early in the eighteenth century, in the town of Julich in Holland, the master joiner, a gigantic man seven feet tall, put the finishing touches to a large cupboard that had been ordered a few days previously. He was unaware that it would soon be his coffin. Nor did the carpenter realise that the man who ordered it was no less than Baron Hompesch, courtier to King Frederick William the First of Prussia, whose only interest in the cupboard was as a means of kidnapping the giant Dutchman. But why should a Prussian Baron want to travel to Holland to abduct a lowly carpenter?

Hompesch had been ordered by the King to recruit men for the 'Potsdam Giants', a regiment of soldiers all well over six feet tall. It was the King's proudest achievement, and when he heard of a promising new recruit to their ranks, he would go to any lengths to have him in his army. The Dutch carpenter was just such a man, and Hompesch had been told to acquire him by fair means or foul.

Hompesch and his men arrived at the joiner's yard where the giant man proudly showed them his handiwork. The Baron seemed impressed, but remarked that the cupboard looked a little small. Had it, as he had instructed, been made to the same height and width as the huge man? The joiner nodded, and then played right into the Baron's hands. To demonstrate the cupboard's dimensions, he climbed in. This was just what the Baron had been waiting for. Swiftly he and his men slammed the door on the carpenter, and tried to chain him inside. The big man fought

The curious history of Prussia's ARMY OF GIANTS

continued from page 49

hard, smashing the door open and pulling the chains apart in a bid for freedom. But despite his struggle, Hompesch and his men had him beaten. At swordpoint they bundled him into the stout wooden box, and chained him within. He was about to begin the long journey to Prussia to start an army career.

However, this was one of King Frederick's less successful recruiting attempts. The master joiner was everything he required in a soldier for his elite regiment. Unfortunately, on arrival, he was dead. The long journey, locked in the box that he himself made, had suffocated him. Hompesch, afraid of the King's wrath, fled into exile. The whole fiasco had cost the Prussian state a vast sum of money. But expense was no object when it came to satisfying the King's obsession. Building the elite regiment of giants also nearly caused a war, and made him the laughing stock of civilised Europe.

King Frederick William of Prussia was born in 1688, and from his earliest childhood, was obsessed with big soldiers. Being a Prussian Crown Prince, he was given real soldiers to play with as other children are given lead ones, and so the small boy began to indulge the obsession which was to rule his life. He used his princely pocket money to get rid of the normal-sized men in his ranks, and replaced them with six foot rustics. His father did not share his passion for big men, and when the old king paid one of his infrequent visits to talk with the heir to the throne, a frantic half-hour was spent by the boy hiding his giants in stables, hay-lofts, and outlying farms.

When the old king died in 1713, and the boy was crowned as Frederick William I, he no longer needed to hide his obsession. He declared he would create a regiment of goliaths, an elite corps of gigantic soldiers which would be the envy and the fear of the rest of Europe. The establishment of his formation, called variously 'The Potsdam Giants', 'The Big Prussian Blues', the 'Great Grenadiers', or, more subtly, 'the Means of Grace' was soon under way.

At first, the new king's ambitious requirements were comparatively modest. No soldier should be less than six foot in his socks. This was not difficult — six footers are not rare — and the recruiting sergeants, sent out all over Prussia to look for tall men, had an easy time. But the king's ambitions grew. He no longer took pleasure in a six foot soldier; the man had to be first six feet two inches, and later six feet four inches before the king was satisfied. Later still, as his mania increased unchecked, he began to look around for seven footers or better, till at last the regiment was no longer a fine body of stalwart guardsmen but a regiment of outsize freaks.

The king was stingy, saving every penny. Obsessed as he was with the army and, in particular, with his special regiment, he spent little on anything else. Frederick's father in contrast had been a spendthrift; a court tailor drew higher pay than an ambassador, and a dancing-master as much as a general. But Frederick's only interest was the army, and an ignoble contingent of cooks, stewards, butlers, poets and musicians were swept, complaining, into the regiments. The late king's menagerie of wild beasts and his 400 fox and stag hounds were sold for what they would fetch. And every penny saved was as quickly spent on buying the seven foot freaks for the king's beloved guard.

Hence the cynical name for the regiment — 'The Means of Grace!' For any man who wanted to curry favour with the king, there was one sure way of obtaining it — a substantial donation to the recruiting fund. This done, the king's 'grace' was given. But far better than money was the presentation of the giant himself.

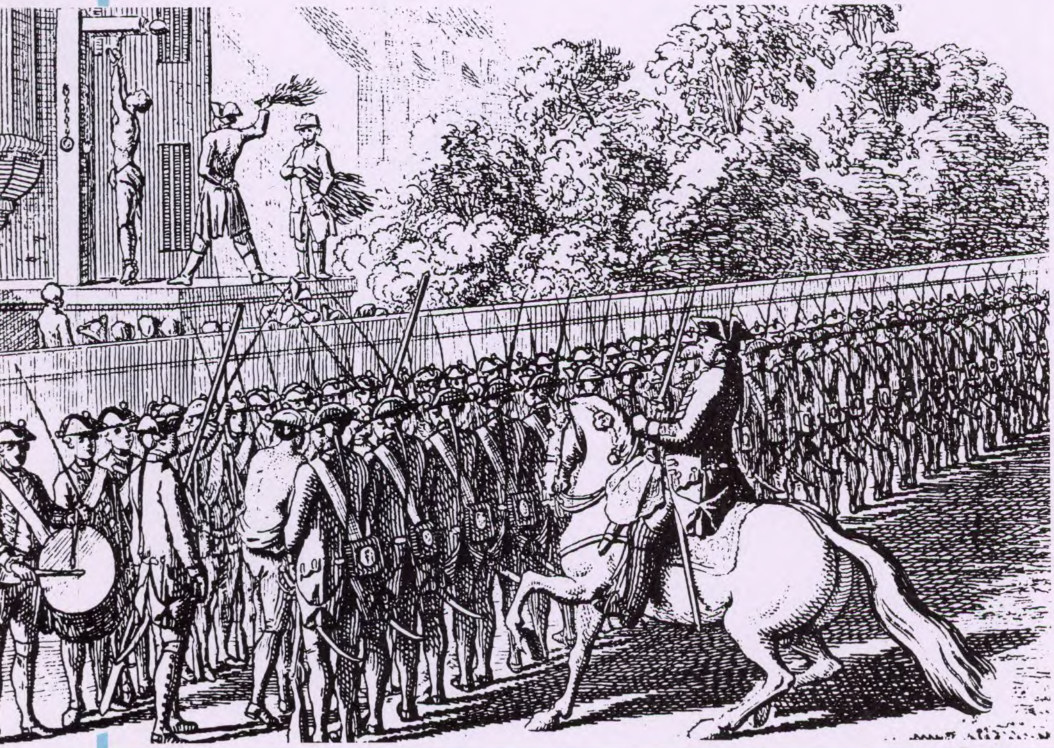
And the recruits poured in. Peter the Great, Czar of all the Russias, hoping to arrange an advantageous treaty with Prussia in 1714, sent a contingent of 80 huge Muscovites. A year later, 150 more, all six feet four inches or taller, arrived. The poor, wretched Russians, clad in sheepskins, footsore and weary after a terrible three-month mid-winter march, not knowing a word of German, were soon put into the tender care of the drill-sergeants with their heavy sticks. A score of huge Turks arrived from the Sultan. The Emperor of Austria, anxious to curry favour with Frederick William, ordered that every colonel in the Austrian army should pick out his tallest soldier, and pack him off to Potsdam. Hungary was thrown open to the Prussian recruiters.

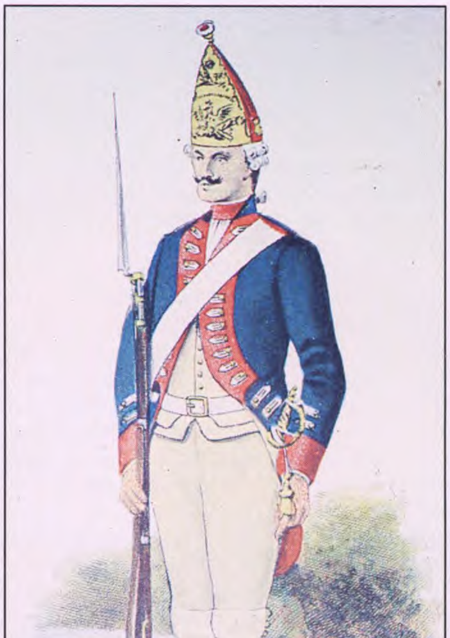
Frederick William was determined to get big men by any means. The penny-pinching man was ready to spend a fortune on acquiring a fresh recruit for his 'Blue Boys', but if money would not work, then other means would be used. The recruiting officers, shifty, ruthless men who knew that capturing 'a good specimen' would land them a fortune, crept over the borders of Hanover, Holland, Bavaria and France with one purpose in mind. At country fairs, where the peasants and labourers congregated, they would watch, looking for any young man whose head stuck up above the crowd. Then like sharks they would move in.

The method was simple. The recruit had to 'volunteer' to join the Giants, and although the man could always be persuaded to volunteer

turn to page 54

Right: The colourful uniform of the Potsdam Giants. Below: Floggings were frequent, and deserters had to run the gauntlet between files of their comrades while being beaten with iron rods — sometimes to death.





continued from page 50

when he was delivered to the barracks at Potsdam — a drill-sergeant's heavy stick and a bread-and-water diet was known to work wonders — the recruiters preferred to allow their victim to volunteer on the spot. The tall young man was befriended and persuaded to go to the local ale house and was quickly made drunk. He was then induced to drink a toast to 'the most benevolent of monarchs, King Frederick William of Prussia.' The man did so, he was happy to, after all it wasn't every day that a couple of strangers stood him a jar. The pint pot was taken to the bar to be refilled, and on its journey, one of the recruiters dropped a shilling (a soldier's pay) into it. The youth drank again. That was enough, the recruit had accepted his pay as a soldier and drunk his king's health. He was bundled out of the inn, trussed up and carried over the frontier to the living hell of the barrack square.

Things were not always so easy for the recruiters. Once their faces were known, they were marked men, and it was common for the bar-room to empty as soon as a recruiter entered, leaving just a few children and ancient grandfathers. The practice of dropping a coin in an unsuspecting peasant's pint became so well known that a man of military age would refuse to drink out of a pewter pot in the company of strangers. Publicans had to supply pewter pots with a glass bottom so that the drinker could check for coins before he drank.

Other recruiters acted with less finesse. The Prussian king, hearing of a clergyman in Holland of a gigantic size, ordered the recruiters to get him. They waited till Sunday when the parson was preaching a sermon in the village church. Rushing in among the terrified people, they dragged him down from the pulpit, and galloped back over the border with their victim and four other tall Dutchmen who had been unlucky enough to be in the congregation. Holland almost declared war over this incident. The Prussian recruiters penetrated as far south as Sicily, and a gigantic monk in a monastery in Rome, whom the king had long coveted, was abducted at dead of night from his cell, and ended up on the drill square at Potsdam.

In Prussia, the recruiters had the king's protection, and considered themselves above the law, but other countries thought differently. If the new recruit, trussed up though he was, cried for help, the recruiter might have a fight on his hands. The brutal behaviour of the Prussians soon caused difficulties. The Austrian Emperor had given Frederick William permission to recruit for men within the Emperor's borders, but the excesses perpetrated by the men caused him to withdraw the permission. At Maestricht in Holland, a recruiting sergeant was shot dead, and at Lüttich, a Prussian officer was hanged in his full regimentals from the highest gallows in the town for attempting to take Dutch citizens over the border against their will. In future, the recruits would need to be concealed, hence the giant box to conceal — and unfortunatley also to kill — the Dutch carpenter.

Frederick William also had a special weakness for Irishmen and Englishmen. He found Irishmen more docile, and paid 8,862 taler for James Kirkland, a colossal Irishman found in London by one of his agents. Englishmen, he considered, had to be 'broken in' like young horses before they were any use, but the drill-sergeants of Potsdam were ready for that.

One of the king's English victims was William Willis, a 23-year-old innocent from Barford in Bedfordshire. Willis was six feet four inches in his stockings, but by the time the report had reached Berlin, rumour had increased his height to over seven foot. Such a remarkable specimen could not be allowed to escape, and Frederick William instructed the Prussian ambassador in London, Von Borcke, to kidnap him. Expense, as always, was no object.

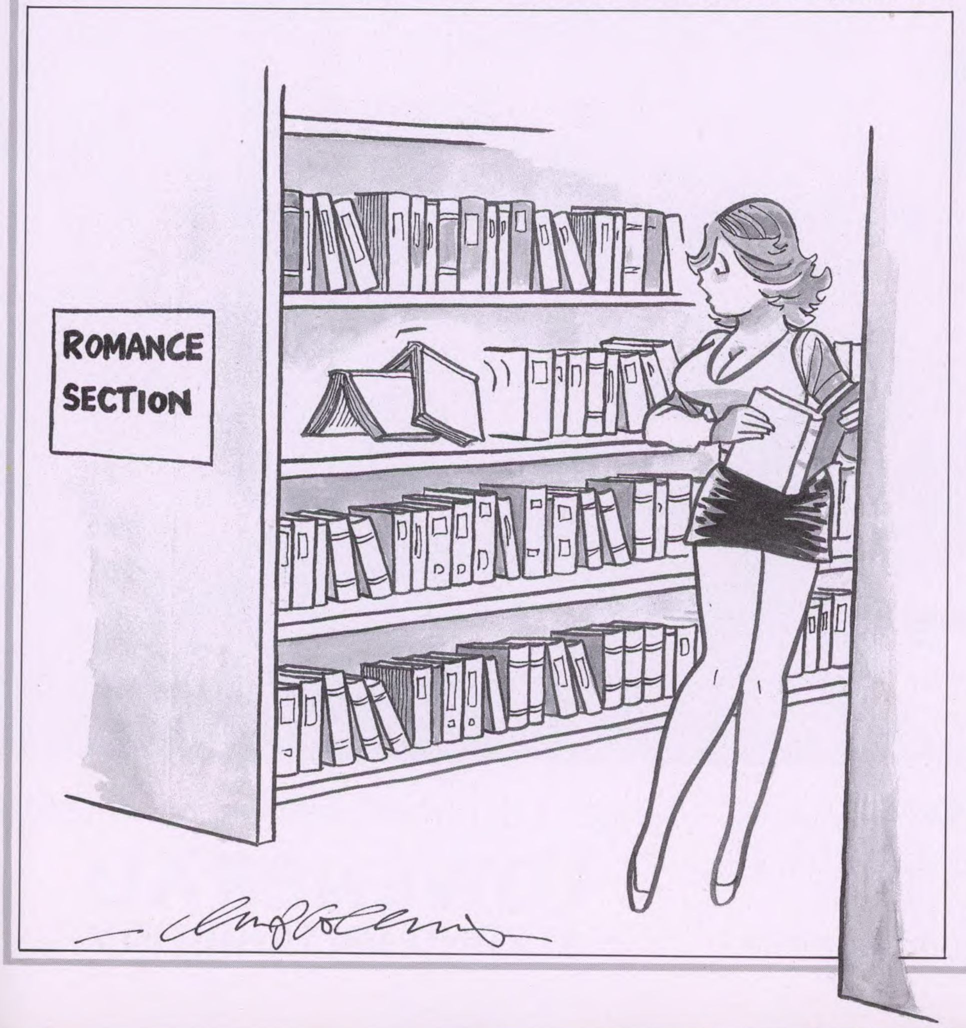
Von Borcke laid his plans carefully, and the unsuspecting Willis was soon befriended by a certain Hugh Montgomery who, over a drink, told him that his master, an Irish nobleman, had a liking for tall servants. Would he like to become a servant? Willis gratefully accepted a wage as a valet of £20 a year, with 14 shillings a week for board — a generous sum for the times — and went to London to find his master. The Irish Lord, it appeared, had gone to Holland, so Montgomery and Willis went there, only to be told that his new employer had taken a trip to Potsdam in Prussia. The two men, as faithful servants should, went to Potsdam where it was suggested by the ever-helpful Montgomery that they should watch the soldiers being drilled outside the palace. On the parade ground, Willis was met by a very friendly sergeant-major who invited him into the guard room to look at the uniforms. End of story.

The Prussian king had his eye on posterity. A giant could be recruited by fair means or foul into the regiment, but what about the next generation? How much better if he could actually breed giants! A giant woman, if married to one of his gigantic guardsmen, would undoubtedly produce some huge children. With his usual cunning, the king went around his country keeping his eyes open for any woman of child-bearing age who was really huge. Once found, Frederick William acted, and his methods were ruthless. Money was offered, but if this was not accepted, more violent methods of persuasion were employed. If the giantess was married, the unfortunate husband was immediately empressed into the army, and never seen again. The woman soon received a letter telling her that her husband had 'died on active service', and she was now expected to present herself at Potsdam to choose a new husband of suitable size.

Frederick William's plans for his baby farm did not always run true to form. One of his ambitions involved a gigantic Irishman in his guards, a man called Macdoll, who he thought would produce some superb children. He had Macdoll's problem on his mind when paying a visit to Dresden, and passing through the Saxon countryside, he saw a truly huge young peasant girl, herding sheep by the side of the road. The king got out of his carriage to speak to the woman, and found that she was going to take the sheep to Berlin in a week's time. He also found that she could not read or write. He scribbled a note — 'The bearer of this letter is to be married without delay to Macdoll, the big Irishman. Don't listen to objections!' Then he told the girl to take it to the barracks at Potsdam where she'd be rewarded.

Things did not go according to plan however. The giantess went to Potsdam with her note, and was about to enter the guardroom when she

turn to page 84



The curious history of Prussia's ARMY OF GIANTS

continued from page 54

chanced to meet an old acquaintance of her father, a schoolmaster, who *could* read and write. In all innocence she showed him the note, and he quickly explained to her the danger she was in. The terrified girl handed the piece of paper immediately to a peasant woman, an 80-year-old beggar who was crouched in the gutter nearby. The beggarwoman took the king's note into the guardroom, and was promptly married, with true German efficiency, to the unfortunate Irishman. Macdoll was not pleased — nor was his royal master when he returned from Dresden.

The life of a raw recruit in the Prussian Army was hard. The drill sergeants and corporals were armed with iron-bound sticks, and these were used all the time. The king himself carried a heavy cane wherever he went, and would belabour any soldier whose turn-out or drill stopped short of perfection.

The culprit had to stand to attention with blood running down his face whilst the angry monarch, shouting and cursing, hit him, and any attempt to protect his head with his arms brought down further punishment. These beatings became so frequent that they were accepted as an essential part of the drill ceremony, and passed without comment. On a bad day, Frederick William attacked anyone who caused him displeasure, and many times a colonel whose regiment had failed in its drill was thrashed in front of his regiment by the enraged king. The Crown Prince, the future Frederick the Great, was beaten on the drill-square on more than one occasion.

It was drill from morning to night for the guards. The elaborate manoeuvres of 18th century armies were practised till the whole regiment moved like a well-oiled machine. By substitution of an iron ramrod for the old wooden one, and with constant practice, the guards produced a rate of fire almost double that of the soldiers of other countries. With blue jackets, embroidered with gold, lined with red and with cuffs of scarlet, plus straw-coloured waistcoasts and breeches, and white spatterdashes, they were at a distance a fine sight. Most were around seven feet tall, and a few (the fuglemen or leaders of the file), were approaching eight feet. Their height was made more notable by their foot-tall mitre-shaped hats, covered in lace.

At closer hand they were less impressive. An eight foot man is, by nature, something of a monstrosity, and the Potsdam Giants were no exception. Frederick William had laid down to his recruiters that the men 'must not be corpulent, have weak legs, disagreeable faces, short noses or short legs,' but he was so anxious to get tall men that these conditions were always ignored. Many of them were misshapen in mind as well as in body.

Discontent was rife among the Giants. The majority of them were not even Germans, and most of them had been abducted into the army against their will. Many tried to petition their home countries for their release. The English ambassador to Prussia tried in vain to secure the release of the unfortunate William Willis; he was told that the only way to get him out was to come and fetch him with 100,000 men. A petition from 19 English Guardsmen was sent to London, begging that they should be allowed to see their homes and families again. It was ignored. The Prussian king's obsession, an obsession bordering on lunacy, was such that he would go to war rather than lose a single Blue Boy.

The royal ogre was never satisfied. If he had a seven foot soldier, he wished him to be eight foot; if an eight foot soldier, he wished him nine foot. To add to the giants' already miserable life, an instrument of torture was installed in the barracks. This machine, a doctor had suggested to the king, would with continual use, increase the height of his soldiers. It was, in fact, a version of the mediaeval rack, and the unfortunate soldier was stretched on this until he could stand no more. Two weeks after it was installed, a serious mutiny broke out, which was finally quelled. The ring-leaders were executed, but the king, for once acknowledging defeat, had the hated instrument broken up and burned before the assembled regiment.

Desertion was, of course, rife. During the king's reign, over 30,000 men deserted from the Prussian army, and a fair proportion of these came from the Potsdam Giants. The king did his best to stop it. No soldier could go more than a quarter-mile from the barracks without a pass. If soldiers were billeted in private houses, each landlord was ordered to keep a constant watch on them. Most landlords took away the soldiers' shoes at night. If a soldier went missing, the landlord had to find a substitute — a near impossible thing in the case of a giant — or step into the ranks himself. Once he had disappeared, a general hue and cry was set up with cavalry, militia and the locals all seeking the missing man. Once recaptured, the deserter was savagely punished. Usually he was forced to run the gauntlet, often as much as 30 times, driven between two files of his comrades who belaboured him with their iron ramrods. To run the gauntlet once involved a stay in hospital. To run the gauntlet 30 times was tantamount to a death sentence, and prisoners were sometimes given the choice of the gallows or the gauntlet — a quick death or a painful one.

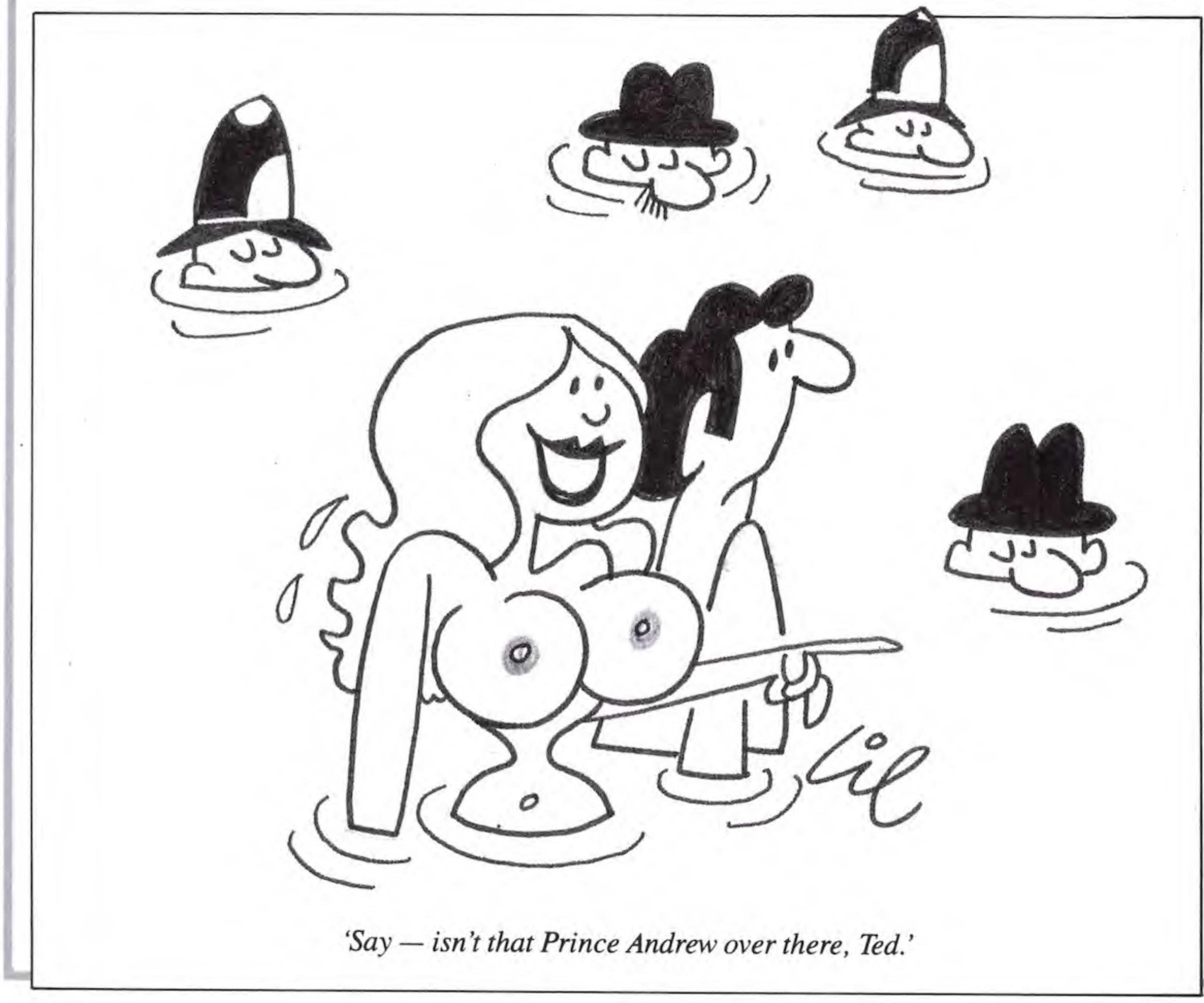
Another punishment for discontent in the ranks was bleeding. Bleeding was, of course, the standard treatment in the 18th century for every kind of illness, and Frederick William often had himself bled by his doctors. When there was any sign of unrest in the ranks, the regiment was lined up to be bled. This was repeated day after day till the guard had come to its senses or collapsed from loss of blood.

This was the only blood the Potsdam Guards ever saw shed. They never went into action. The royal ogre was like a miser who loves collecting gold but dares not spend it. The thought of one of his cherished giants, who had required so much money and scheming to secure, being killed by some diminutive Frenchman or Russian was unacceptable to him.

In 1740 Frederick William died, worn out by dissipation. His last act was to order his Blue Boys to parade before him on his death bed. It was the final act of glory for them, for they did not long survive the death of their outlandish master. The new king had no time for the big men — they had cost a fortune to recruit, and Frederick the Great had more realistic plans for his army than to parade it on the barrack square. The Blue Boys were disbanded.

The giants trundled home. Those of German birth found a job and a pension in the Prussian bureaucracy or, if they were unlucky, merely given a licence to beg! The rest had to find their way, in the best way they could to their wives and children in England, France, Austria and Russia, who had not seen them for 20 years.

The highways of Europe were littered with gigantic creatures in tattered blue uniforms, begging lifts, and asking for food and shelter. It was a sad end to the strongest regiment that had ever existed.



'Say — isn't that Prince Andrew over there, Ted.'

TATRA

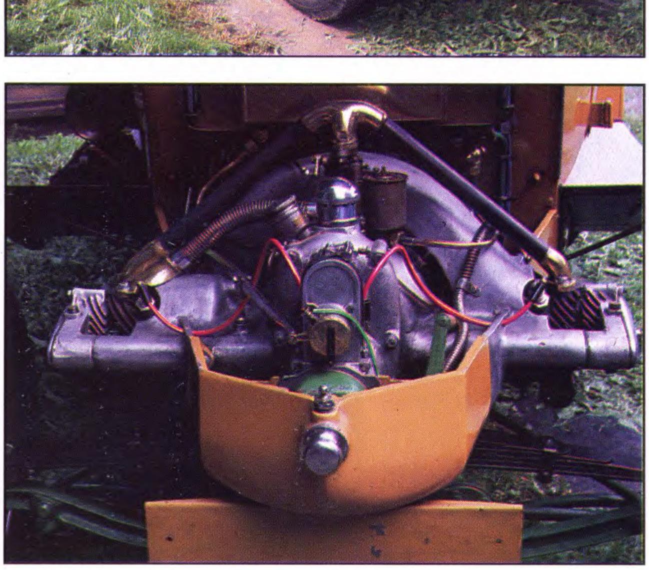
Tatra cars and commercial vehicles have been made in the Koprivnice factory since 1897, but came to prominence under their designer Ledwinka in the early 1920s. One of his first cars was the Tatra Utility T11 tourer pictured here in its home town.

Photographed by Andrew Morland

Motoring with William Boddy

Czechoslovakia may not be famous for its cars, but the Tatra under its designer Hans Ledwinka was a sturdy world beater

CZECH MATES



Made in 1923, the Tatra Utility had a 12hp 1056 cc air-cooled engine and was incredibly sturdy. There are even stories of one being driven from the North to South Poles intact.

Not all obscure motor-cars are bad cars, and if the Tatra is a make unknown to many, this is because it was made in Czechoslovakia, not because of technical imperfections. In fact, these rare cars, although decidedly unconventional, were of much mechanical merit. They were the brain-child of Hans Ledwinka, who was born in Klosterneuburg, near Vienna, in February 1878. Ledwinka never spoke any language but German, even when he was working in the Czech Republic. He acquired his understanding of machines and materials while apprenticed to an uncle who ran a machine-shop.

The engineering career of this remarkable man, who steadfastly turned down offers of Czech and German citizenship, preferring to regard himself as an Austrian, spanned some 70 years. Late in life the honours came — an honorary doctorate of engineering bestowed on him in Vienna in 1944, gold medals, and other attributes for his work on cars and trucks. Always against a Moravian background, Ledwinka pursued his ideas, scrapping any that did not look like working, but developing the others until each bore his hallmark. Essentially he was a practical man, who liked passenger and load-carrying vehicles rather than racing machines.

Working to those ends, with offshoots into steam propulsion and cars for the Steyr Company, Ledwinka became known for his backbone-chassis and air-cooled engines. In at the birth of the horseless-carriage at the Nesseldorf works in 1897, where a Benz was studied, then copied with modifications as a first venture, Ledwinka achieved real fame for his designs for Tatra. To help overcome his language problem he took workers with him from the Steyr plant when setting up the Tatra design office in 1921.

What he produced first was a rugged little car for use over the then terrible Bohemian roads. He gave it a backbone-chassis for rigidity, an air-cooled flat-twin-cylinder engine of modest size set ahead of the front axle, and an ingenious swing-axle rear suspension, the drive-shafts of which were able to dispense with universal-joints. This Model-11 set the pattern for future Ledwinka designs, the Austrians dubbing it a tin-dachshund and the Czechs the *Tatracheck*. The flywheel was used as a fan to cool the engine's cylinders — this system works so well that it has been retained for the modern Tatra diesel trucks — and some of those original tiny Tratra cars were still running about Czech roads after having done some 500,000 miles with very little attention. One thing which probably contributed to such longevity was the Renault-like front end, the bonnet excluding mud and dust from impinging directly on the power-unit.

The next move was to produce the overhead-valve T12 Tatra, its 1.1-litre 12-horse-power engine giving way to a larger one of 14 horse-power. The tubular-backbone-chassis saved weight, which came out at about 1,500 lb, and these small strong cars were able to do 44 mph. The propeller-shaft ran down the length of the 4.3-inch-diameter chassis tube, and the independent suspension by transverse leaf springs gave a good ride over the rough stuff.

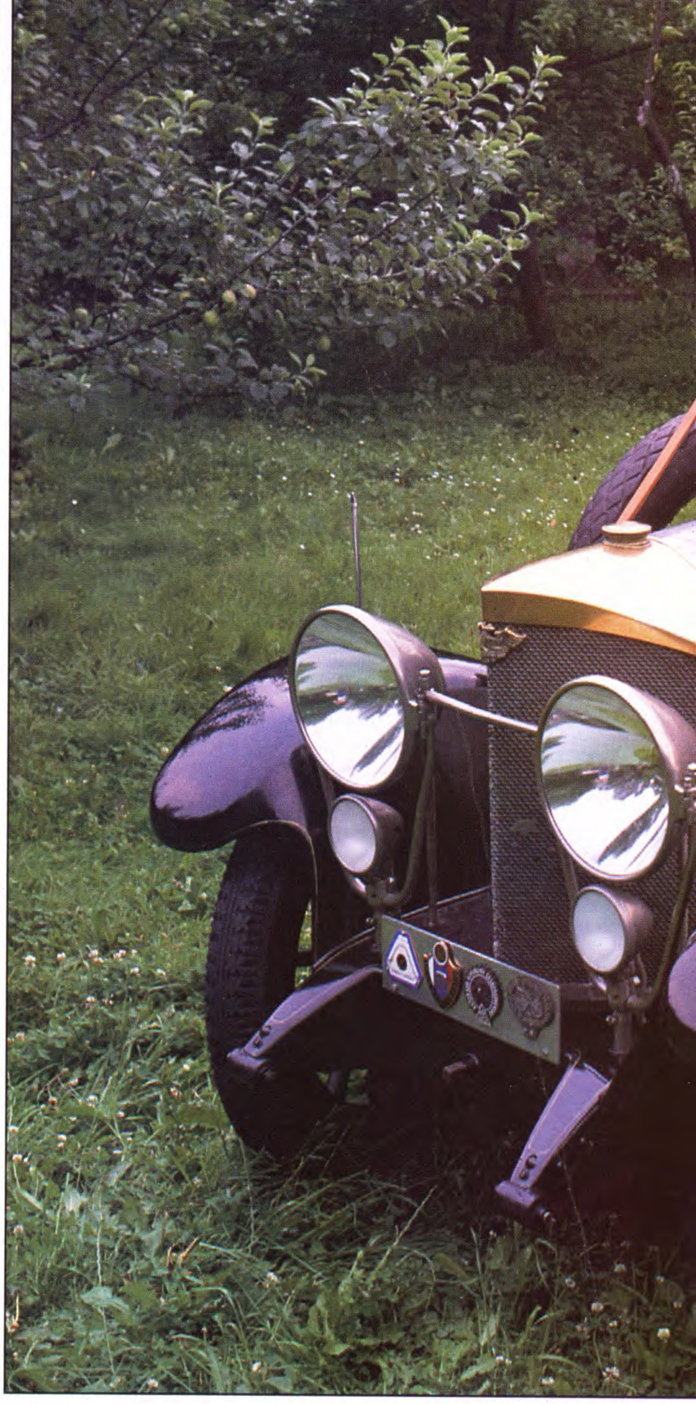
Ledwinka worked very much in his own time and for all hours of the day, and he had tested his first small car by using it for a 6,000-mile tour of Austria, Italy, Switzerland and France, accompanied by his wife and two sons.

From 1923 the Prague factory was in production, and as most little autos grow up, so it was at Tatra. Opposed-four-cylinder models followed the successful twins, the Type 30 Tatra having a 1.7-litre power plant, the Type 52 one of 1.9-litres, the power output being 40 bhp from the smaller of these engines. Then came the Type 57 Tatra, which remained in production from 1930 up to the war, a rather bulbous saloon with an ambitious V8 engine of 2.9-litres. Ledwinka's chassis construction kept the weight down on the bigger car and, thus encouraged, there were the luxury six-cylinder Type 70 and the VR Type 80, rather improbable cars to run on Iron Curtain roads. Unusually, these were water-cooled.

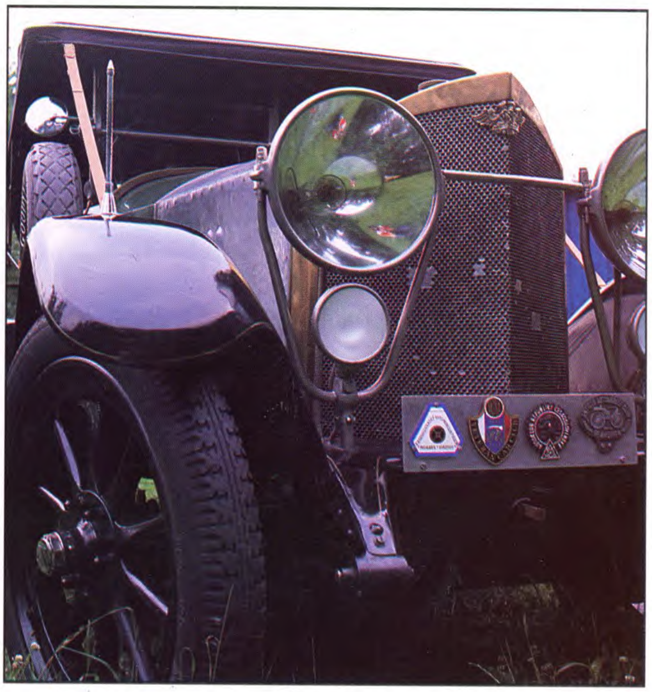
Not wishing to relinquish his air-cooling, Ledwinka decided that, as such engines do not have water-jacketting to damp their voices, it would be a good thing to put them at the back of the chassis, as far as possible from the car's occupants. He did this on his Type 87, forking the rear of the chassis to take the 2.9-litre V8 engine. The shape lent itself to a body which defeated air-drag, and this big saloon was able to run up to a claimed 100 mph, proof that stream-lining and light weight pay off. Thus was born the famed V8 Tatra Limousine. In fact, Ledwinka had used the bigger-engined 3.4-litre air-cooled Type 77 to embark on his rear-engined theme, in 1934. That design used a single transverse leaf-spring set at the back but when the Type 87 arrived in November 1937 this had given way to splayed-out quarter-elliptic rear springs.

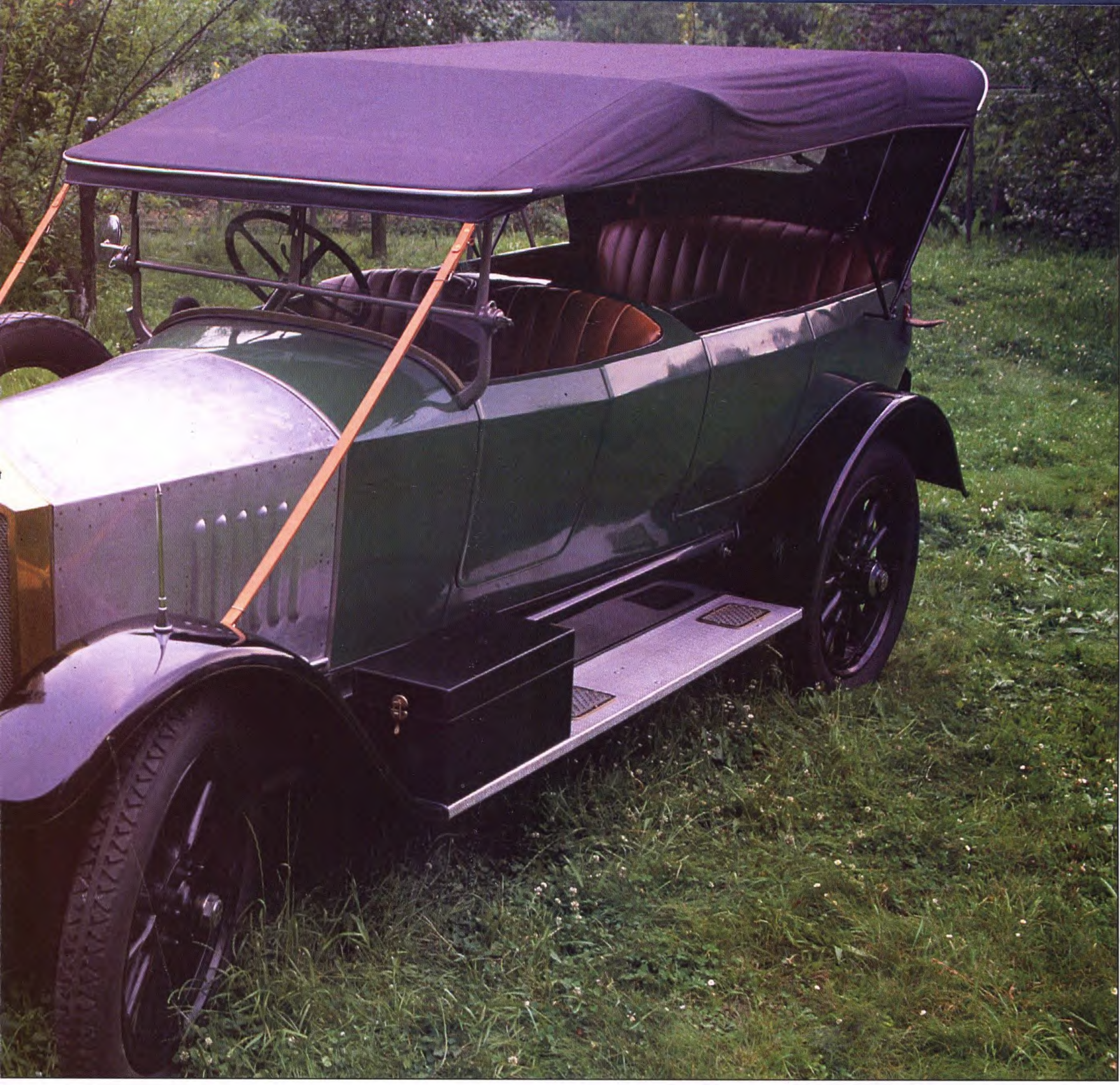
The engine of this aerodynamic Tatra 87 weighed 20 per cent less than that of the Type 77, with light-alloy cylinder heads and chain-driven overhead-camshafts. Perhaps the true top speed

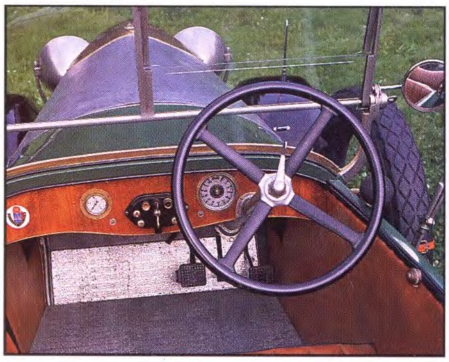
Right and bottom left: The 1915 Tatra Nesseldorfer type T with 23hp engine. It's called after the original name of Tatra's home town. Below and centre bottom: Two views of the car's fine leather interior and doors.



Centre top and bottom right: One of Tatra's many commercial vehicles. This six-wheeled Type 26/20 fire engine was built in 1932, and has a four-cylinder, 1680cc engine. Tatra still make trucks and vans.



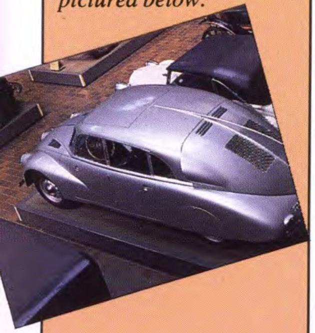




1932
HASIČSKÝ SBOR
NOVÁ VES
U JAROŠOVA
OVE-25-44

TATRA
NJB·00·88

One of the students to study at Tatra was one Dr Porsche who, it's claimed, got many of his ideas for Volkswagen from the Czech firm. There is certainly some similarity between the design of the Beetle and the silver streamlined model pictured below.



252
XX RAJD POLSKI
101
65

The other pictures are of the Tatra 603 made from 1957, seen outside the Tatra factory and in their museum. The 603 had a 2472cc, 105bhp engine or a 145bhp V8 engine as in their rally car pictured centre right.

was 94.5 mph, but what mattered was the very abstemious fuel-thirst of about 20 or more mpg for this very large car. The design and much of the construction was continued for the post-war Type 603 with 2½-litre V8 power.

By now Ledwinka was busy with his version of a 'Peoples' Car' but enthusiastic as Hitler had been in pre-war times over Tatra exhibits at exhibitions, it is thought that the German invasion of Czechoslovakia caused the Tatra format to be surppressed. After the end of hostilities the 2-litre Tatraplan arrived, still with the engine at the back, of course, which the world had become accustomed to through the Volkswagen 'Beetle', baby Renault and Fiat 500 and 600 cars. The Tatraplan was a development of the pre-war Type 97 and remained in production until 1954.

The big Type 603 was made from 1957, and by 1973 was known as the T3-600, this rear-engined 2½-litre V8 taking on such advanced items of specification as power-steering, power disc-braking and more engine power from twin carburettors. Tatras were no slouches! The succeeding Type 613 used a four-cam 165 bhp engine, and conveniences such as electric windows and air-conditioning figured on the long-wheelbase Special limousine.

The brilliant Dr Hans Ledwinka died in Munich in 1967, just after his 89th birthday, and should be remembered as an automobile engineer with the courage of his unconventional convictions. His work lives on at the Tatra Museum in Koprivnice, where many of these pictures were taken. The range of cars and trucks dating from 1901 is worth a visit, if you find yourself in Czechoslovakia.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

On a skindivers' boat out at sea,
Sue confessed that it hurt her to pee.
'Oh God,' cried the Mate,
'That accounts for the state
Of the Captain, four divers and me.'

A plumber had to go back to a lady's house where he had installed a toilet a few days before. The lady had complained that her new loo had a crack in it, but when the plumber took a look he maintained that it was just a fault in the glazing. The lady was not convinced.
'I'll prove it to you,' said the plumber. And with that he flushed the toilet. 'You see,' he said. 'If there was a crack, water would be leaking out.'
'Now I'll show *you* something,' said the lady, who suddenly reached forward, and tugged a hair from the plumber's moustache.
'Ouch! What the hell did you do that for?' he exclaimed.
'If it's a fault in the glazing, how come that happens every time I get up from it?'

Great Quotes of Our Time:
Writers rely on all sorts of different ways of getting inspiration, but H G Wells probably had the most unusual. 'I cannot write,' he once claimed, 'unless I have had sexual intercourse after breakfast, after lunch and after dinner.'
His contemporary, Somerset Maugham, responded to this boast by asking in his famous stammer, 'So w-what do you do after t-t-tea?'

Sir Henry, the multi-millionaire tycoon, was making a speech to some of the up-and-coming executives in one of his companies. His final point was that you should never make mistakes, if you want to get on.
'Take my example,' he said. 'I have built 40 new office blocks in Central London, all of which are fully leased. Do my opposite numbers call me Sir Henry the shrewd property developer? No, they don't. I have given more than £500,000 to charity schemes in the last three years. Do they call me Sir Henry the generous philanthropist? No. But get drunk one day, and suck one little cock . . .'

Pierre LaCoste, the French Air Force's famous air ace took Babette, the most beautiful girl in Paris to the capital's finest restaurant. They sat down in a secluded booth, and Pierre regaled her with tales of his valour. Babette was so impressed she was swooning into his arms. She looked up, lips poised for a kiss.
'Waiter!' demanded the fighter pilot. 'A bottle of *Dom Perignon.'* Then he turned to Babette and declared, 'When Pierre LaCoste kisses the lips of a girl he does so with the finest champagne.' So saying he took a sip of the champers, and they kissed long and hard. Babette leaned forward still further, and an ample cleavage came into view. She looked at him enticingly.
'Waiter!' ordered the air ace, 'a bottle of *La Tache* burgundy.' Then he said to Babette, 'When Pierre LaCoste kisses the breasts of a girl, he does so with the finest red wine.' Then he drank the burgundy, and sank into her sizeable bosom.
By this time, Babette was so turned on, she was lifting up her skirt, for Pierre to kiss her below the waist. Pierre smiled.
'Waiter!' he called, 'bring me a bottle of Martell Napoleon brandy.' The waiter dutifully brought it, and watched as LaCoste poured it over Babette's bare fanny, and set light to it. The screams were deafening, as she struggled to put out her burning pussy.
'Why on earth did you do that?' she cried.
'My darling,' he replied, 'When Pierre LaCoste goes down, he goes down in flames.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

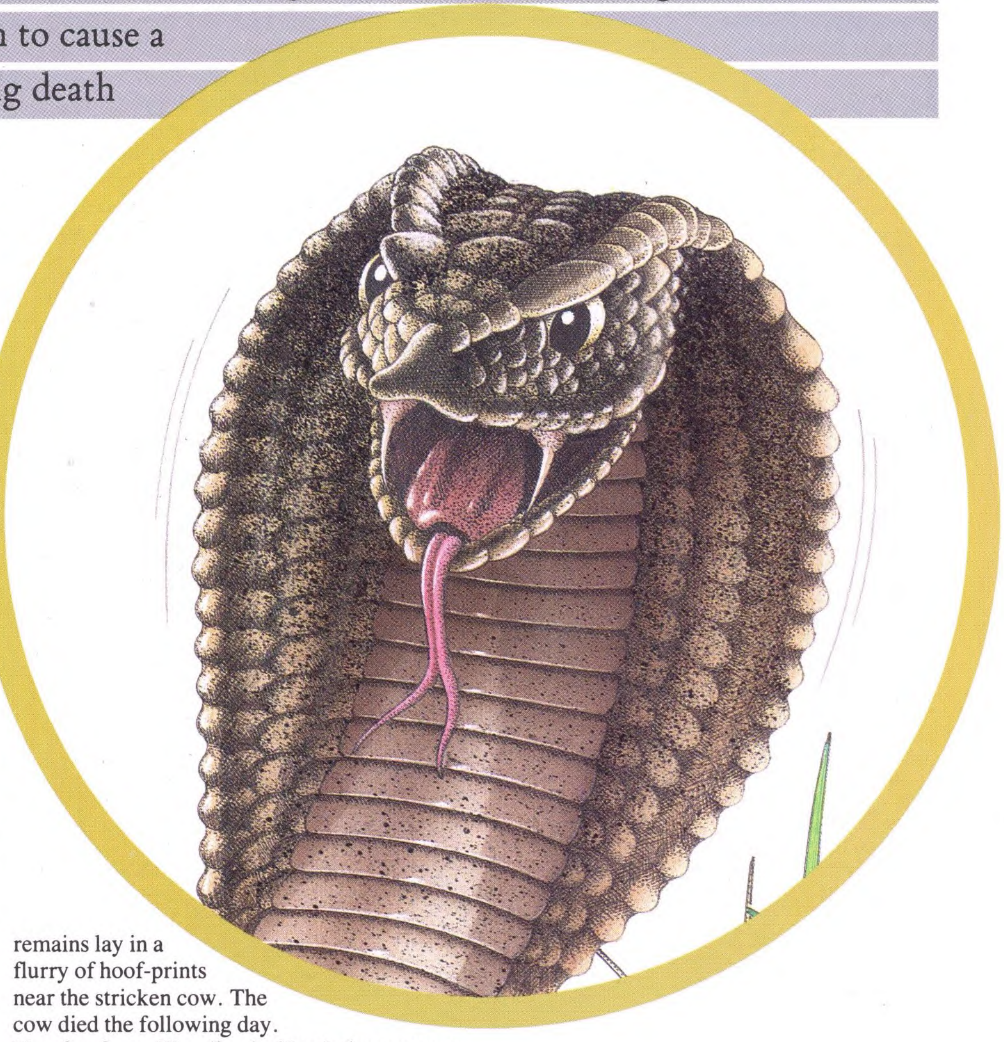
Did you hear about the shortsighted man looking for sex?
He spent the night in a warehouse.

'My wife is so frigid,' claims one of our readers, 'every time she opens her legs the central heating turns itself on.'

A man went to his doctor complaining that he couldn't satisfy his wife when they made love. The doctor listened patiently.
'I'll give you these pills to improve your sexual potency,' he said. 'But be careful, they are exceptionally strong. Don't take more than two.'
The man got home, and immediately opened the jar of tablets. He took out a couple.
'That doctor doesn't understand how serious my problem is,' he thought, and with that poured eight pills into his hand, and swallowed them.
That night, he and his wife went to bed, and to his wife's pleasure, had sex no less than three times, until she was exhausted. But at three in the morning, she woke up, and found to her amazement that her husband wasn't there. Getting up, she decided to try and find him.
As she left the bedroom, she passed their dog on the landing. It was walking wearily towards her wagging its tail, and panting heavily. But there was still no sign of her husband. She went into the lounge, and saw their cat, lying equally exhaustedly on the sofa, purring loudly. But again her husband was nowhere to be seen. Then she noticed the back door was open, so she went outside, and saw a light on in the garage. She went in. There she saw her husband with his tool in the vice on the work bench, and an electric sander in his hands.
'What the hell are you doing?' she demanded.
'Look,' he said in a desperate voice. 'You've had enough, the dog's had enough, the cat's had enough. I'm damned if I'm going to let the budgie down.'

SSSSSnakes in the grass

Deadly reptiles were a constant danger in the jungle-clad Indian hills of my boyhood. A short cut through a culvert might lead to a terrifying encounter with a menacing black cobra whose fangs could deliver enough poison to cause a rapid but agonising death



My schooldays were spent in India, in Bombay mostly. During holidays I stayed at Lanouli, a station in the jungle-clad hills at the head of the Bhor Ghat section of the railway from Bombay to Poona. It is a place I shall always associate with snakes.

Father had a bungalow built a couple of miles from the station, beyond the Lanouli Woods, at a higher altitude. Until it was fit to be lived in, mother and I used to stay in the Woodlands Hotel. Father, coming up by train, joined us at weekends.

The grounds of the hotel were bounded by a massive old stone wall, five or six feet high. The mortarless interstices between the stones sprouted tufts of grass, and they also harboured a variety of snakes and scorpions, several of which were seen every day by me and my companion, Norman (we were both 8 years old), as we scrambled on to the top of the wall to reach the luscious mulberries, guavas and cashews from the trees which grew alongside.

To rid the premises of the dangerous pests which lived in the walls of his compound, the hotel proprietor called in a snake-catcher. This man and his helper, emitting discordant noises on their gourd-pipes, meandered erratically beside the wall, and at the day's end displayed several lively cobras, kraits and other snakes as they transferred them from jute sacks to the circular baskets in which snake-charmers always keep their stock-in-trade.

A discussion arose as to whether the snake-charmer's music had really played any part in the capture. Everyone seemed to think it certainly had.

Many serpents, however, had streaked off into the countryside, so the operation was repeated a fortnight later when several more snakes, venomous and otherwise, were caught. The hotel proprietor was congratulating himself on having got rid of all the dangerous creatures that had infested his premises, but only two days passed before a buffalo cow on which the hotel had been depending for milk was found dying. It had apparently been bitten by a cobra whose mangled remains lay in a flurry of hoof-prints near the stricken cow. The cow died the following day.

Not far from Woodlands Hotel there was a masonry culvert straddling a stream which for half of each year was practically waterless. We boys frequently took a short-cut through this culvert in the course of our rambles. But one day we were startled rather severely by a menacing black cobra which, with expanded hood disputed our passage. The confined space within a culvert is not the best of places to meet a vicious cobra! We beat a hasty retreat, and never again made use of *that* short-cut.

Lanouli was a lovely place, but notorious for the numbers and varieties of snakes so commonly

By Terence Hanson

found there. Hardly a day passed without seeing one or two.

In the jungle, some years later, on a wild boar 'shoot', I sat down on a root for a breather. After a few moments a jungle-fowl, approaching noisily over the carpet of dead leaves halted suddenly a short distance in front of me. It emitted a series of cackles, and fluttered its wings. Obviously very agitated, it was apparently looking in my direction. Turning my head slightly, I became aware of a thick rock python coiled up less than a yard from me. It was gazing intently at the fluttering fowl which seemed to be hypnotised and quite unable to move away. I had been sitting very still, and when I shifted an arm, the reptile rapidly slithered its eight-foot length into the depths of a hollow tree close by.

I believe it must have been there before I sat down, and I shuddered to think I had so narrowly missed planting myself on those heavy coils!

Rock pythons are constrictors. They are not poisonous but they can inflict a very powerful and painful bite. They strike their prey with a lightning open-jawed lunge, and at the same time envelop it in the muscular coils of their lengthy bodies.

Situated as it is high in the Western Ghats, Lanouli catches the full force of the moisture-laden south-west monsoons, and the annual rainfall averages 250 inches — all in four months!

To utilise this enormous volume of water, a dam was built not far from our bungalow, across a wide valley. The water then dropped abruptly to the plains, generating electricity for the mills of Bombay.

The first monsoon rains flooded an extensive area above the dam, covering the holes of countless land-crabs which populated the valley. The galleries burrowed by the crabs usually harboured snakes of many sorts, so these reptiles were flooded out and consequently very irritable.

Every year at this period numerous cases of snake-bite were reported in Lanouli.

Deaths from snake bites numbered about a dozen annually within an area covered by a radius of twenty miles fron Lanouli. There — as in other parts of India — a clinic existed where antidotes were available to victims of venomous snakes. Life-size pictures of the poisonous serpents commonly found in the district were on display, and when a casualty of snake-bite was brought in, he (or she — for a considerable proportion of the victims were women workers in the rice fields) was asked to identify the snake responsible. The victim was then injected with the anti-venom serum for that particular snake. The results sometimes proved disastrous, for it was not unusual for a victim, terrified and in pain, to point to the picture of the biggest serpent depicted — a six-foot cobra — even if the damage had been done by a much smaller, different kind of snake — a russell's viper, say — whose venom is of an entirely different type. So in consequence, the antidote for the poison of a cobra, given to the victim of a russell's viper, often hastened that unfortunate person's death.

In the bungalow one cold evening, on lifting the scuttle of charcoal to replenish the fire in the sitting room, I was startled by a black snake which flung itself out to streak across the floor and into the garden through the open doorway. I do not know what species it was, nor whether it was naturally black, or had been blackened by the charcoal in the scuttle where it had been reposing.

There was no electric lighting in the bungalow. Hurricane lanterns were kept burning dimly when we retired for the night, but there were many dark corners, and the thought that a snake might be lurking somewhere, and one might stumble on it when going to the bathroom was rather dismaying.

In the morning, therefore, I and two other boys, each with a .22 Winchester rifle, set out on a snake-hunt. Almost at the outset, one of my companions fired at a snake sleeping beside a puddle. He missed, but spattered the reptile with sand; whereupon, uncoiling itself with amazing alacrity, it raised about half its five-foot length, and hurled itself at us, hissing like a steaming kettle, and displaying long fangs in its wide-open jaws. I was nearest to this angry serpent, no more than ten feet away, and its fury was directed at me.

However, when at little more than striking distance, as it reared for a final fling at me, I managed to put a bullet through the gaping mouth, dropping it dead at my feet.

That morning, between breakfast and tiffin at mid-day, we accounted for 23 snakes — cobras, kraits, vipers and others. The next day I shot a russell's viper.

The russell's viper, *vipera russelli,* was about five feet in length. Its head was resting on its neatly coiled body in the middle of a narrow game track which I was following. It saw me first. The movement of its head and upper body as it prepared to strike caught my eye, and I put a bullet through its throat.

Russell's viper is a highly dangerous snake. It stores a large dose of poison at the bases of its fangs — fangs so long that they fold back, and assume their working position only when the mouth is open. On brownish earth and among dead leaves, this nasty serpent, with its brown basic colour and dark oval markings, is almost invisible. Its movements are normally sluggish, but it can strike with the speed of lightning at anything in close proximity to it. The venom of this snake affects the blood of its victim, causing gangrene and consequent death of a particularly unpleasant nature.

Cobras and kraits are widespread in India. The highly poisonous cobra, *naja naja*, from five to seven feet in length, is bad tempered, and as often as not aggressive, whereas the krait, *bungarus coeruleus*, three to five feet long, though equally venomous, is inoffensive — unless disturbed or provoked. The effects of their venom are similar: they stop the actions of the heart and lungs.

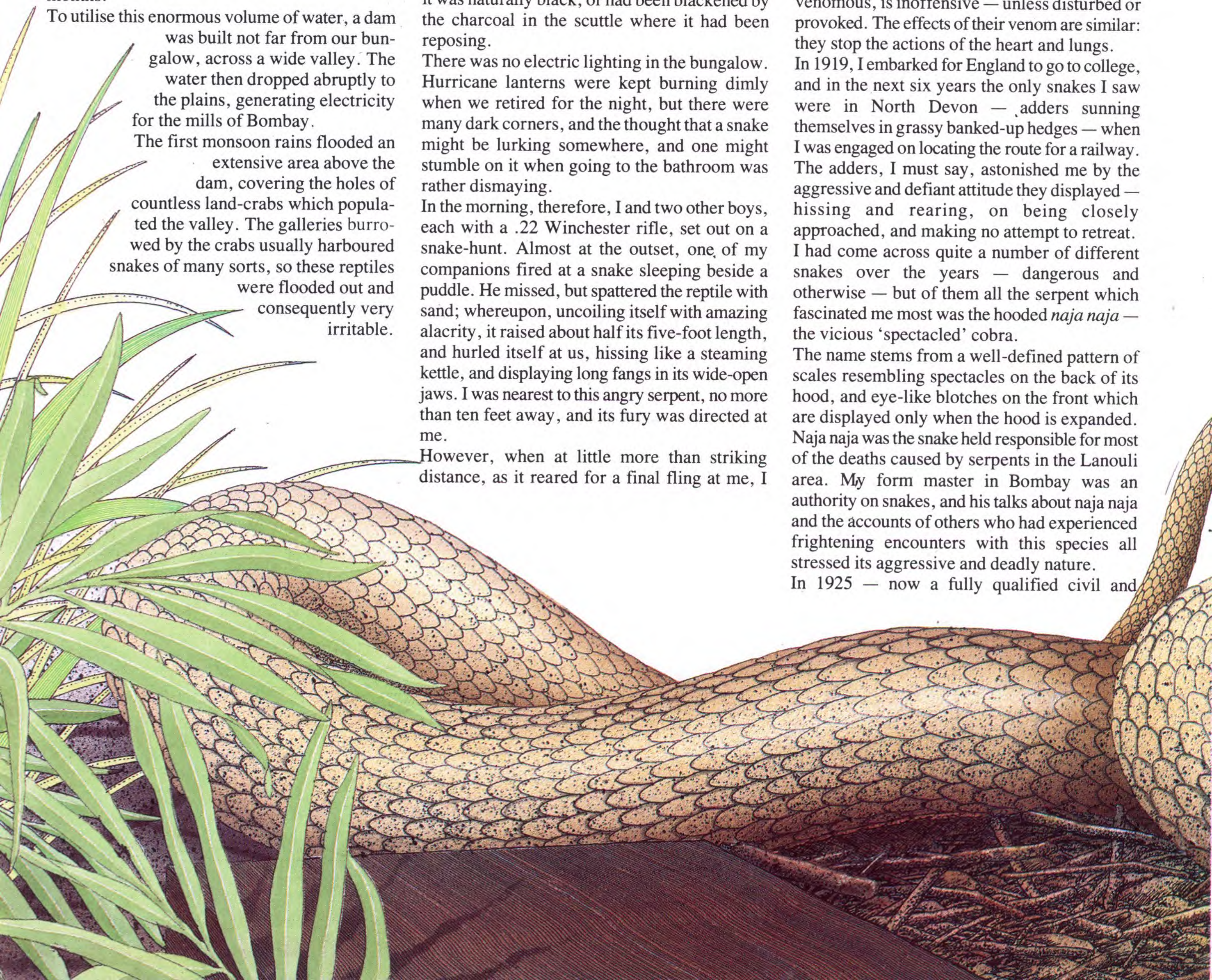
In 1919, I embarked for England to go to college, and in the next six years the only snakes I saw were in North Devon — adders sunning themselves in grassy banked-up hedges — when I was engaged on locating the route for a railway. The adders, I must say, astonished me by the aggressive and defiant attitude they displayed — hissing and rearing, on being closely approached, and making no attempt to retreat.

I had come across quite a number of different snakes over the years — dangerous and otherwise — but of them all the serpent which fascinated me most was the hooded *naja naja* — the vicious 'spectacled' cobra.

The name stems from a well-defined pattern of scales resembling spectacles on the back of its hood, and eye-like blotches on the front which are displayed only when the hood is expanded.

Naja naja was the snake held responsible for most of the deaths caused by serpents in the Lanouli area. My form master in Bombay was an authority on snakes, and his talks about naja naja and the accounts of others who had experienced frightening encounters with this species all stressed its aggressive and deadly nature.

In 1925 — now a fully qualified civil and



mechanical engineer — I found myself in British North Borneo (now Sabah), where I held the post of Engineer of the BNB State Railways. There in the jungles of the Crocker Mountains and in the coastal swamps I met with a considerable variety of snakes.

In Beaufort my houseboy was bitten by a russell's viper, but fortunately, being on the spot, I was able to give him immediate first-aid by criss-crossing the fang wounds on his ankle with a razor blade to make them bleed freely, rubbing in permanganate of potash crystals, and applying tight tourniquets. He survived.

One morning, in the rest house at Tenom, a coral snake appeared under the table when I was eating my breakfast, and was promptly dispatched by the cook who jabbed its head with a beer bottle. The following afternoon, returning from an exhausting day in the jungle, I flopped down on the long rattan chair which graced the verandah, when there was a swish and a scatter of several magazines from the paper-rack below the seat — and a five foot long yellow-brown snake slithered between my feet, brushing my ankles as it shot off, its scales rasping audibly on the rough cement floor. It was followed closely by the indignant rest house dog who, with wagging tail, had come to greet me. The snake made its get-away through the open door of one of the bedrooms — not the one I was to occupy, I was glad to note.

One day, while I was getting a quarry opened in the jungle bordering the railway, one of the Murut Headhunters I had recruited to work on the line was bitten by a tree-snake of some sort. However, by flourishing his razor-sharp parang, he prevented me from rendering any first-aid. In a very short time he became almost helplessly ill, but still displayed his parang menacingly. Surprisingly, it was not long before he became visibly much better, and came forward to accept a gourd of water. Then he rapidly recovered.

I believe it was a matter of luck that he survived his ordeal. The snake that bit him was evidently venomous, but since the man made a fairly quick recovery it seems likely that it had expended its venom previously on some unfortunate animal.

The local natives believed that in the event of a snake bite death was inevitable. The Murut in question, I am convinced, firmly believed he was doomed to die. He had been bitten on the wrist, and his violent rejection of my attempt at first aid by cutting the

turn to page 90

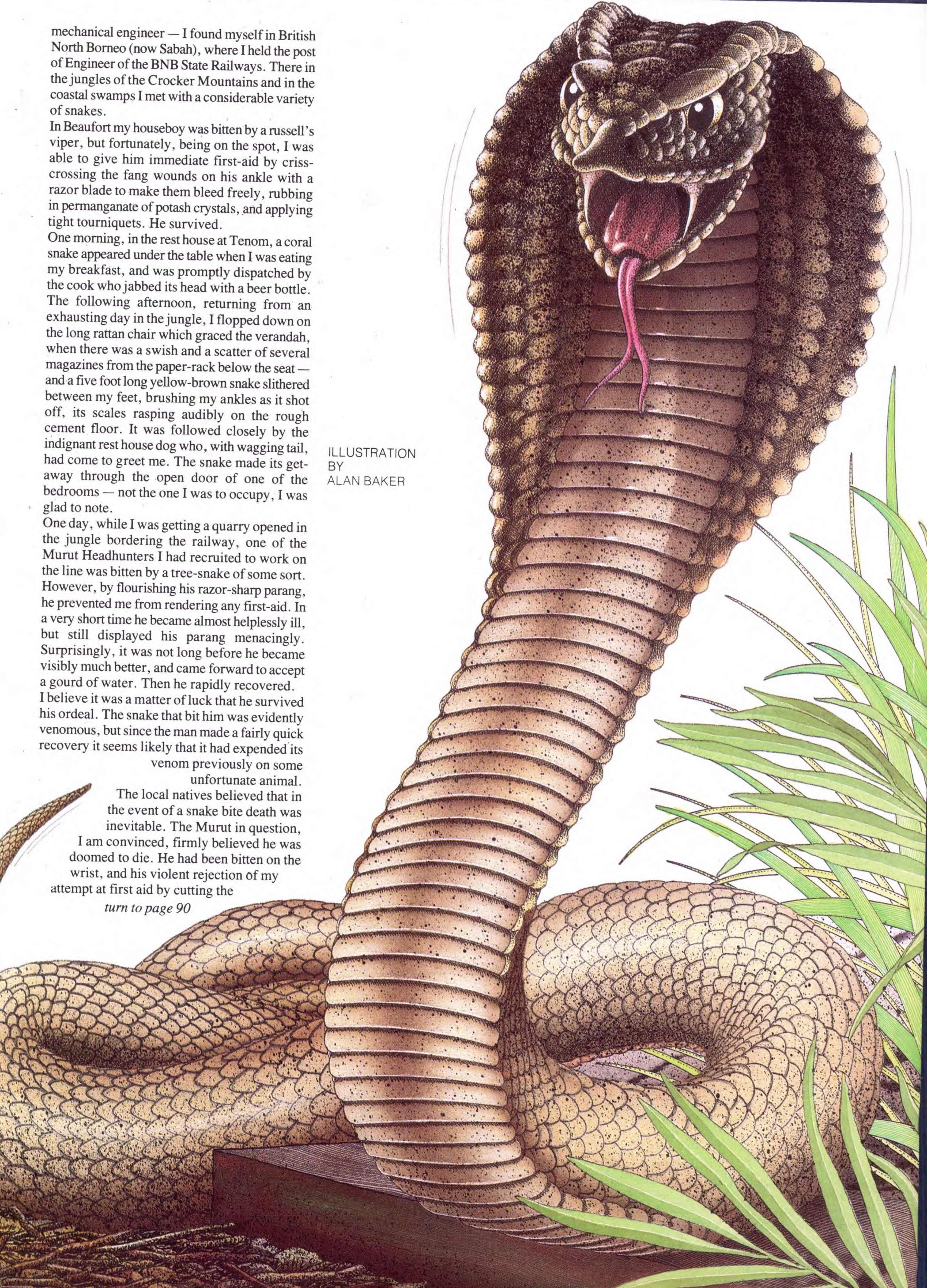


ILLUSTRATION
BY
ALAN BAKER

continued from page 89

fang wounds to let them bleed was fear that I was about to amputate his hand.

Despite the variety of serpents I had so far seen in BNB I had not identified a single hooded cobra. Nevertheless, pretty soon I was to have a close encounter with one of another species.

I was driving down the Padas Gorge one day, at the controls of my motor trolley with the Malay driver sitting behind as a passenger. I was belting along at a good speed down a steep gradient when I spotted, a short distance ahead, coiled up over the sleeper-ends and ballast, a big snake. It was the colour of ivory. It reared its head about four feet above its close-packed coils.

The brute was angry. Its hood was expanded, and it was looking towards the source of the vibrations which had disturbed it, the big scales on its underside glistening in the dappled sunlight.

I immediately knew it to be a king cobra, and at the instant of seeing it, applied my brakes. But the descent was very steep, and the rails were wet with the drips from the leafy canopy overhead, formed by numerous jungle trees. The locked wheels, unable to get a grip on the rails, slid along, unchecked, towards the snake.

The hooded head was swaying — a pair of long fangs exposed in the menancing, gaping jaws — as it reared back, poised to strike. But the instant the reptile lunged at me, I leant against the back-rest, and threw up my legs. The hamadryad's jaws hit the edge of the wooden bench under my legs with a crunchy thud as the trolley went past. It was about thirty yards or so further on that I managed to bring the trolley to a stop. The driver sitting behind me, believing I had been bitten by that deadly, repulsive reptile, was moaning in consternation, 'Tuan! Tuan!'

Jumping to the ground, revolver in hand, I dashed back, but found no trace of the snake. It must have taken a very severe knock, and probably, with fangs and jaws smashed, had retired into the thick jungle which bordered the railway.

The Malay driver was trembling uncontrollably. 'Jalan, Tuan,' ('Let's move on, Tuan,') he urged — for king cobras, the biggest venomous snakes, are notoriously aggressive and vindictive, very strong, very venomous, well-known to attack on sight. I could only estimate the size of this particular specimen, which certainly was a big one. King cobras grow to about 17 feet, and in Borneo, 14 feet is not an unusual length for this species.

The king cobra, or hamadryad, packs a dose of venom in its poison glands proportional to its great size. Had my swift reaction in throwing up my legs at the instant of the reptile's savage onslaught lagged by the tiniest fraction of a second, I would have been a 'goner'. For certain! The venom of this deadly snake, *ophiophagus hannah,* acts in a manner similar to that of other cobras — stopping the actions of the heart and lungs. But due to the greater amount of poison injected by the fangs of this enormous serpent, death ensues more rapidly.

I reassured the despairing Malay that I had not been bitten, and showed him the marks on the wooden bench where the snake had struck. Shaking his head in wonder at my narrow escape, he wiped the wet venom off the bench with a bunch of leaves, and after a final look around, we continued our journey.

We're ready and waiting...

in Mayfair's 1987 calendar and diary

Launched this month, our fantastic full-colour 1987 Mayfair calendar features a dozen of our dishiest dolls

This is your first opportunity to get the brand new *Mayfair* calendar for which we have selected twelve of our most beautiful birds. And when you consider that ours is Britain's most popular glamour calendar, it's incredible value at just £2.25 including postage and plain packing. Or take our ladies with you in the 1987 *Mayfair* diary for just £2. So send off right now.

SPECIAL DOUBLE OFFER! Enjoy them both for the bargain price of just £3.95

JANUARY
APRIL
OCTOBER

Mayfair Calendar/Diary Offer,
95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me
. . . 1987 *Mayfair* Calendars at £2.25 each
. . . 1987 *Mayfair* Diaries at £2 each
. . . Special sets of 1987 Calendar and Diary at only £3.95 per set
Name . . . .
Address . . . .
I enclose a cheque/postal order for £. . . . . .
made payable to Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd.
((For U.S. readers, prices are: Cal $4; Diary $3; Set $6)

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, then photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper M219

June
1987
Forward reminders

QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Eighteen

Women worry needlessly about their physical appearances; the size of their breasts — too large or too small — being of prime concern. This month Quest investigates the secret fears of women.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

PERSONNEL OFFICER, 24 years old, brunette, town of origin Clacton-on-Sea

This interviewee studied history at university before taking up training in personnel management. She shares a flat, and works for a large finance company.

Quest: Do you worry about your looks?
Personnel Officer: I don't know a woman who doesn't! I'm fairly self-confident now. But I'd still curl up and die if someone like Raquel Welch or Samantha Fox walked in!
Quest: Why them in particular?
Personnel Officer: I'm not exactly built for tight sweaters, or low necklines, am I? You can't get much smaller than 32A-cup. It used to bother me a lot, especially since *both* my best friends were enormous. They were the ones who got the wolf whistles, not me.
Quest: Did they get the boyfriends too?
Personnel Officer: Yes, though they had a different attitude to boys. I need to know men quite well before there's any sort of sex relationship. I knew Nigel, my present boyfriend, nearly a year at university before anything happened. And he only lived down the road from me at home. But Tessa and Tracey did knock my confidence, particularly during my first summer vacation at university.
Quest: How did they manage that?
Personnel Officer: Tessa, in particular, had changed the year I was away. She'd always been boy-mad, but she hadn't slept around. But when I was with her she had sex with at least three boys. One was supposed to be her regular boyfriend. He lived in London, so she only saw him at weekends. But the others were only boys she met casually — one at the disco and the other on the beach.
Quest: You disapproved?
Personnel Officer: I didn't say so — until the thing on the beach, where I really had to. But that lead me to getting started with Nigel — *and* overcoming my boobophobia.
Quest: What happened?
Personnel Officer: Tessa, Tracey and I went sunbathing at a quiet stretch of beach we knew down the coast. After we'd stretched out, Tessa and Tracey decided they were going to go topless, because there was no one around.
Quest: Did you do the same?

Personnel Officer: I'd already been feeling a bit sick, seeing how the other two filled their bikini tops. But I didn't want to be a killjoy, so I went along. And then we heard voices.

Quest: Belonging to whom?

Personnel Officer: We'd noticed a party of German exchange students wandering about town — mainly because there were two or three really dishy ones. A dozen or so suddenly appeared on the beach path behind us. I instantly rolled onto my tummy, which only made Tessa laugh. She said the boys wouldn't come anywhere near us, and stayed stretched out on her back. But, of course, they started calling and whistling, and Tessa and Tracey waved. Three of the boys — including two of the dishy ones — came over and asked to join us. Their English wasn't bad. Naturally Tessa said yes, and one of their first questions was whether it was permitted for girls to show their breasts on English beaches. So it was obvious what turned *them* on. After that, things went from bad to worse.

Quest: How?

Personnel Officer: For a start I got the ugly one! Then they started teasing, wondering why I didn't turn over like my friends, which just embarrassed me. Finally Tracey jerked my towel away and I rolled over into a great splodge of tar just under the sand, which ruined my bikini pants and turned out to be over most of my skirt and knickers too. So, while Tessa and Tracey went romping in the sea with the boys, I had to slip off my bikini pants and wrap myself in a towel, as well as put my top back on. By the time the others got back, it was obvious Tessa and the best-looking guy had hit it off.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Personnel Officer: They were kissing in the water, and the boy tried to fondle Tessa's breasts. She wouldn't let him, but she was obviously pleased he'd tried. When they got back he asked if all English girls were on the pill. When Tessa asked why, he said it would be a great privilege to make love to girls with such beautiful bosoms. Tracey and I talked to the other boys a while, then we realised Tessa and her boy had gone quiet. We looked round and they were stretched out on Tessa's towel, heavily entwined and snogging. Then the boy started kissing down Tessa's neck, across her shoulder and suddenly, without any kind of embarrassment, he was squeezing her bare breast and kissing her nipple. I was so shocked I thought it might be some kind of joke.

Quest: Was it?

Personnel Officer: Not by the way Tessa just sighed and lay there, smiling and enjoying herself hugely. Then the boy finally twigged he had an audience and sat up, blushing, though I think the big lump in his swimming trunks embarrassed him more. The other boys laughed, but Tessa obviously didn't want to lose her moment. She got up, grabbed him and told him to come on, and started dragging him toward the bushes at the top of the beach.

Quest: What did the other boys do?

Personnel Officer: They obviously couldn't believe their friend's luck. Tracey's boy looked at her and said, 'English girls come quickly to the point, don't they?' Tracey said, 'That depends on whose point they're coming to,' and gave him a really cheeky grin. He reached over and pecked her on the lips, then, when she didn't back away, moved into a full clinch. I glimpsed his hand sliding up to cover one of her great boobs, when I felt my fellow's hand round my waist.

Quest: Did you respond?

Personnel Officer: I wasn't that hard up! I was halfway to my feet before I realised I didn't have a stitch on under my towel. I snatched Tessa's shorts, which happened to be closest at hand, grabbed my things, and shot off up the beach. Behind the nearest bush I squeezed into the shorts — which was an effort, because Tessa was quite narrow-hipped. Then I headed up the path to the coast road. And, of course, ran into the rest of the Germans — the final straw!

Quest: Why?

Personnel Officer: They recognised me, and began following, calling out and whistling and making comments in German. They obviously thought I was as easy as Tessa and Tracey, which I really resented. By the time I came in sight of the main road, I was so incensed I turned on them and let rip. I could see their grins fade, then they just shut up altogether. But that was because my knight errant had arrived.

> ‘I worried about my small boobs, but Nigel showed me I ought to have had confidence in my bottom’

Quest: Who was this?

Personnel Officer: Nigel, of course. I realised there was someone behind me, and turned and saw him. I suppose I shouldn't have been so surprised. He only lived about five miles away. I was so pleased to see him. The Germans thought he was my boyfriend, and melted away.

Quest: Were you attracted to him?

Personnel Officer: I thought he was attractive, and I liked him. But nothing had happened between us. He had a girlfriend at home anyway. He said he'd spotted me as he was driving by, and looked as if I could do with a hand. I told him about my clothes — I didn't mention what Tessa and Tracey had been up to. Then to my surprise Nigel said, 'Well you can hardly blame the boys for following a bottom like yours'. I didn't know what he was talking about. Then he took me to his car, and bent the wing mirror round so I could see myself.

Quest: See what exactly?

Personnel Officer: Tessa's shorts were skimpy to start with, but because they were a good size too small, the material didn't really cover the lower halves of my cheeks, so I'd been walking along with two half moons of bottom showing. Even more embarrassing, the material was squeezed so tight in front it was the size of a G-string along the line of my crotch, with my cheeks bulging out either side, and virtually the whole shape of my cleft outlined. Nigel told me not to be embarrassed about having such a shapely bottom. I'd never really thought of it as being 'shapely' before. I was just glad it wasn't bony and didn't droop. I was astonished Nigel had noticed either way. He'd never made any fancying type remarks before.

Quest: Did he fancy you?

Personnel Officer: Enough to give me a lift home and take me out to dinner the following night, which is when he told me he'd broken up with his girlfriend.

Quest: Go on.

Personnel Officer: We went back to his parents' house — they were away, and he'd been borrowing their car — and we had coffee, and he kissed me, and one thing led to another.

Quest: You made love?

Personnel Officer: On the carpet. It was beautiful. He made us both undress. I was shy, but he insisted. I was glad he did, because there's nothing like feeling someone else's body right against you. He told me I was beautiful, and he kissed me all over — not just my breasts and my nipples, but all round my bottom and right between my legs. He licked me all the way along the crack of my bottom, along my cleft and up onto my clitoris.

Quest: Did he pay attention to your bottom?

Personnel Officer: He told me his student friends had elected me 'Top Bottom' of the First Year! I hadn't known a thing about it. He said I had the most globular rear he'd ever seen!

Quest: Did he make you climax?

Personnel Officer: He did, just by licking me, which I didn't really want, because I wanted him to be in me so we could finish together. But no one had ever given me an orgasm before, and I really didn't know what was going on until it happened. Then I realised Nigel's penis was still hard, and I felt dreadful because he must be feeling so frustrated. So I told him to put it in me and just do it. Then I turned onto my tummy, and insisted he did me from behind, so that he could see my bottom, and fondle it while he was having me.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

SALON OWNER, 31 years old, town of origin Bury

This — male — interviewee owns a hairdressing and beauty salon in the Midlands. Divorced, he lives with a girlfriend and their young child.

Quest: Would you say your job gives you special insight into women's fears and anxieties?

Owner: Being a *confidante* is part of the job, yes.

Quest: What sort of things do women worry about most?

Owner: Physical things — naturally enough, because that's why they come to me. Hair — obviously — then faces, boobs, figures, legs. I don't think most men have the faintest idea how much women worry about their appearance —

and if it'll please their fellow.

Quest: Would you say that knowledge has given you any advantage?

Owner: I often am in a fairly privileged position, though I don't take advantage of it now.

Quest: Can you give an example?

Owner: After my wife and I separated, I did a lot of freelance work in my spare time, visiting customers at home. One was a girl called Janice. She was about twenty-two, long dark hair, quite pretty face — and the most luxurious body, really voluptuous — especially her boobs, which were massive. She must have been a good 40-inch double-D. She was quite short too, only about five foot two at the most, with slim, fairly ordinary legs. She was an exotic dancer, and she used to do a club act with a python. I nearly trod on the thing when I first went to her flat — terrified me!

Quest: Did you find her attractive?

Owner: Yes, in a fairly basic way, though she was actually quite a nice person. I'm a bit of a tit fanatic — which sounds crazy because all the women I've lived with have been average, boob-wise. But Janice had an enormous hang-up about it.

Quest: About her breasts?

Owner: She said she was plauged by guys she called 'flesh freaks' — men who took her out, and never lifted their eyes above her chest. I only found out later she earned most of her living doing a strip act. I suppose having her boobs ogled by dirty old men all day made her a bit jaundiced. She was very wary of new men.

Quest: Including you?

Owner: Oh yes. Her flatmate was always hanging around for no obvious reason the first two or three appointments. But after she liked what I did with her hair, and I obviously wasn't about to jump on her, she got a lot chummier, and the flatmate seemed to disappear.

Quest: Did she fancy you?

Owner: I'm not sure then. She didn't seem to have a regular boyfriend. Once or twice I had the feeling she was testing me.

Quest: In what way?

Owner: By my attitude to her breasts. There was one occasion when she started complaining about her 'useless great udders', how they got in the way, how she got stared at on the bus or in the street. She was sitting on a chair in her kitchen, as I was blow drying her, and wearing a very thin, low-cut tee-shirt — with a bra underneath. Her boobs looked sensational. From where I was standing, I couldn't help getting a bird's-eye view right down her cleavage, with these enormous, smooth, fleshy globes curving away on either side, down into the vaguest hint of pinkish areolae. I hadn't screwed in months, and I don't know how I kept my crotch still.

Quest: Did she expect you to make a pass?

Owner: I think that would have proved I was just another 'flesh freak.' So I made some remark about how it was better to learn to live with your body than worry about something you couldn't change. Then she began telling me about some awful man she had to see that night — he was a club owner who might help her. She expected the evening to be one long grope, because the man had hinted very strongly that he liked his girlfriends to wear stockings and suspenders. She'd bought a set especially. As I was packing up my things, she showed me how she looked in them.

Quest: What else was she wearing?

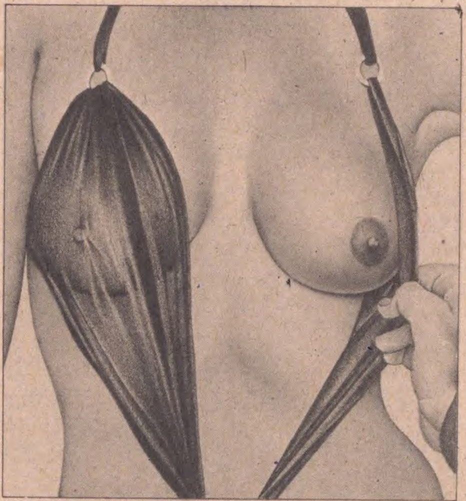
Owner: A wrap, with her teeshirt underneath. She just lifted the hem over her stocking tops to show me, saying how tarty she felt in them. I didn't know if she expected me to agree with her.

Quest: Did you?

Owner: I said the man couldn't be entirely without taste, because they showed how fabulous her legs were. She should wear them more often. She looked genuinely surprised.

Quest: Why?

Owner: She said normally no one ever bothered to look further than her chest. I said that only proved how short-sighted the men were she went out with. She had superb legs. For my money, they were her best feature. I didn't even know I'd say it until it was out, but afterwards her whole attitude changed.



> 'She was nervous about her boobs, but to me they felt like cannonballs of incredibly warm soft flesh'

Quest: How?

Owner: She became enormously friendly. She started wearing skirts instead of the jeans which had been usual before. Then a couple of visits later she suddenly snatched up her dress, and showed me a pair of white stockings and a suspender belt. She said she'd taken my advice, and bought four pairs of the things. They were actually quite sexy.

Quest: Who eventually made the first move?

Owner: I let her do it. I know if *I* made one false move that would be it. She mentioned she was going to a party one Saturday. Would I like to pop along?

Quest: As her escort?

Owner: No, she just gave me the address. But the minute I arrived she fastened onto me and started introducing me as this fantastic hairdresser she'd been telling everyone about — I actually got a couple of new customers out of it. She seemed much bubblier than normal. I got the feeling she'd made up her mind about me, and in fact, after an hour of frantic socialising, she suddenly announced that the party was getting too crowded, and would I mind getting some fresh air.

Quest: Go on.

Owner: We started out for the pub on the corner. But halfway there we decided it was silly to spend money when she had booze at home, and she only lived another couple of streets away. So we finished up sipping whisky on her sofa. I reckoned the moment was as right as it'd ever be.

Quest: You made a pass?

Owner: I started by taking her glass out of her hand and kissing her — nothing too heavy. But she opened her mouth almost at once, sank against me, and it was the big clinch. Even then I was chary about fondling her boobs — they'd become such a fantastic prize in my mind by now I think I was terrified they'd be snatched away at the last moment! We came up for air, and she told me I'd seen things in her none of her other boyfriends had. I knew I'd cracked it then.

Quest: She was going to sleep with you?

Owner: She was very practical about it. She said her flatmate wouldn't be back till Sunday lunchtime, so we had plenty of time. Then she went into the bathroom, and came back in her wrap, and told me I didn't have to stay if I didn't want to.

Quest: Why should you not want to?

Owner: She said she hadn't had sex for eighteen months — ever since she'd broken up with her last regular boyfriend — and because of that she'd come off the pill. So we wouldn't be able to have intercourse. She'd understand if that made it impossible for me.

Quest: Didn't you have any contraceptives?

Owner: No. She looked so bloody sexy I'd assumed she was getting it regularly enough to take care of herself. So, in my new noble disguise, I said I just wanted to feel close to her, which was obviously the right thing to say.

Quest: So you went to bed?

Owner: I let her go in first. As soon as she was under the sheets, I followed, undressed in the corner, and got in beside her. She wanted the bedside light out, but the thought of not clapping eyes on those incredible boobs after so long was too much, so we compromised by sticking the lamp on the floor next to the bed.

Quest: Did you see them then?

Owner: Not at first. We rolled together and kissed and cuddled. She was obviously quite nervous, but all I was aware of was what felt like cannonballs of soft, incredibly warm flesh pushing into my chest. They were so heavy and firm it was almost an effort to get near her. She began to respond more, and I risked slipping a hand up onto one, which felt incredible.

Quest: You didn't try to kiss her breasts?

Owner: I just went on stroking as much of her body as I could reach, which was extremely pleasant, letting her get into the mood. I slipped my fingers through her pubic hair, enough to feel how damp her pussy was. But as soon as I touched her lips she started gasping frantically, pushing my hand away, saying she was too sensitive there.

Quest: So she did want you?

Owner: She was getting as worked up as me — and my cock was like a piece of lead piping! In the end we were just pawing at each other, and panting, and she let me roll on top of her. I lay between her legs, my cock jammed tight against her pussy, while she moaned and rubbed her pubic mound against the shaft. I didn't mind bringing her off, but dry-humping her like that was just going to give me a sore cock — as well as a very early exploding. I couldn't help a fierce twitch, and that seemed to bring it all home to her.

Quest: What did she do?

Owner: Suddenly she was struggling to sit up, still clutching my old man — no more worries about letting me see her boobs. 'Here —' she gasped. 'Here — get on me —' She wriggled down the bed, and I realised she wanted me to straddle her, which I did. But, as soon as I had, she pulled me forward, tugging my cock down toward her cleavage with one hand, moving one breast toward my shaft with the other. She said, 'I know you're a leg man, but it's better than just bursting everywhere. I used to do this for my boyfriend as a special treat.'

Quest: She wanted you to ejaculate between her breasts?

Owner: A titman's idea of heaven! And it was all *her* idea — she was even apologising for it! I was so knocked out the most I could manage was a gasp as she pressed those incredible mounds together over my thing and began to jerk herself gently backward and forward. 'Go on,' she said. 'Do it on me — it's alright.' But I did manage to keep up my understanding image to the end.

Quest: How do you mean?

Owner: I reached behind me, down to her pussy, and began stroking her clitoris — she didn't pull away this time — in fact she got even more excited. I went from there to some fairly vigorous finger-fucking, until she boiled over. That was when I finally burst, though she was so far gone she let go of me.

Quest: Did the relationship continue?

Owner: We went out for about three months — until she got a booking abroad. But I'm sure if I hadn't found out how she thought beforehand I'd never have got anywhere. Really I was as much a 'flesh freak' as all the others. I was just prepared to wait.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

CATERER, 39 years old, blonde, town of origin St Albans

This interviewee married at nineteen, and had two children in swift succession. Four years ago she started her own home catering business. She lives with her husband, a college lecturer.

Quest: What would you regard as you greatest sexual fear?

Caterer: It sounds trivial, but I think it's losing my boobs. They've always seemed the most female part of me — the thing that makes me feel like a woman.

Quest: They seem fairly intact to me.

Caterer: Not when you realise I was a 34 double-D when I got married, and I'm only a B-cup now. I shouldn't complain, because it was mainly due to having the kids, and I wouldn't do without them.

Quest: So it's worried you for some time?

Caterer: It didn't really bother me until my mid-thirties. I was aware of it, of course, but David, my husband, always insisted it made no difference, and I thought the relationship was strong enough for that to be true.

Quest: What changed your mind?

Caterer: Basically David having an affair with one of his students — a girl of twenty-one who wasn't just young and pretty but she had absolutely magnificent boobs — something like 36 C-cup — I saw her in a bikini once. I suppose I should have been flattered — she looked very like me at that age.

Quest: But you weren't?

Caterer: No. I went a little crazy, I think. Not just because of that. It happened about the time both the children first went away to college. After being a housewife for as long as I remembered I was suddenly redundant. I took a lot of it out on David. He's one of those men who get more attractive as they get older, and I know some of his girl students have had crushes on him. Obviously when such a pretty one made a determined effort he couldn't see any reason to put her off. But it was still a terrible shock. I just couldn't see myself beating someone so young and gorgeous.

Quest: What did you do?

Caterer: I had sex with the first man who asked me. I suppose I wanted to prove I could be as irresponsible as David — and that I was still attractive to men. I was too churned up to analyse things properly. I just wanted to hit back.

Quest: Who was the man?

Caterer: One of David's colleagues — a man in his forties, greying, good-looking, divorced, though I could never imagine him married. He always acted very sexily, always flirting. He had a reputation for being the neglected wife's comforter. Before my trouble I'd despised him for that.

Quest: How did you come to have sex with him?

Caterer: It was at a college summer ball, some kind of special celebration — the college isn't normally that lavish. There was a marquee at the back, a band — all very formal, students as well as staff. I was feeling low, because David and I had been rowing so much, and he'd more or less admitted he was seeing someone. I didn't know whether it was just a silly remark in the heat of the argument, or not. That evening I found out.

Quest: How?

Caterer: The girl he was seeing asked him to dance. It was the look she gave me — and the way she was with David — that made me realise they were sleeping together. The silly girl wanted to flaunt the relationship.

Quest: How did you react?

Caterer: I got very drunk very quickly. I just didn't want to be there. And then Stephen — David's colleague — asked me to dance. I think he was surprised I accepted. Normally I was no more than polite to him. We had two dances, then the third became a slower, smoochier number. He seemed quite intrigued I was still with him, but when he asked if anything was wrong I wouldn't talk about it. Then he said he always thought I'd be a good dancer. I actually did enjoy dancing, but David didn't, so I hadn't done it for ages. I asked Stephen what he meant. He said that anyone with legs like mine had to be a good dancer.

Quest: What did you think of that?

Caterer: Well, I think I do have good legs! I'd even put on a gown with quite a deep slash in the side to show them off — though David hadn't even noticed. I said I didn't think Stephen was a leg man. He grinned, and said he appreciated everything feminine that deserved to be appreciated.

Quest: Was that a come-on?

ALLONS CITOYENS!

MAYFAIR
Corinne uncovered

Voici la bonne affaire de l'année pour tous les hommes français! Un exemplaire de *Mayfair* en France vous còute 32.50^{F} et au moins 40^{F} pour notre numero special de Noël.
C'est à dire plus de 390^{F} a l'année. Nous faisons cette offre speciale pour tous les hommes français. Nous vous envoyons une souscription a l'année pour *Mayfair* au prix special de 250 francs. N'attendez pas. Envoyez dès aujourdhui.
Vous pouvez envoyer des francs. Remplissez le coupon cidessous et envoyez-le avec votre argent à:

Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane, London,
WC2A 1DZ, England
S'il vous plait, envoyez-moi 12 exemplaire de *Mayfair*.
Nom:..
Adresse:....................................
....
....
Date:.......................................
Je joinds les francs, pour la valeur de 250^{F}

M219

BINDERS, KEEPERS

Do you have trouble keeping your *Mayfairs* together? Can't find a particular issue containing a favourite piece of fiction, joke, feature or memorable *Mayfair* maid? The problem is solved, courtesy of the *Mayfair* binder, guaranteed to take a full 12 issues, including the bumper Christmas issue. Covered in elegant dark green PVC with a golden *Mayfair* logo on the spine, it makes a distinguished addition to any study bookshelf. Its exclusive binding system makes insertion quicker and easier than ever before. And each binder costs only £7.00, inclusive of P&P.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Please send me .... binder(s) at £7.00 each.

I enclose cheque/postal order for £......... Or debit my Access/ American Express account.

Card No. ....

Name ....

....

Address ....

....

....

Signature ....

Date M219

Re London No. 875169

All orders sent in plain wrapper.
Available UK only. Reg. 875159

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon, or send details on plain paper.

Caterer: It's the way I took it! I didn't even let myself think about it. I said I was tired and I'd like to sit down and have a drink. Then, as we looked for a table, I said I wouldn't mind something stronger than the punch and wine being served. Stephen said he kept a whisky bottle in his office. We were there in two minutes.

Quest: Did you expect to have sex?

Caterer: I'm sure Stephen did. It was obviously a practised routine for him. His blinds were open — he was on the third floor — he didn't turn the light on. He said we'd be able to see the lights of the marquee better that way. I just went along with him. I stood by the window, looking out as he got the drinks. Then he stood behind me, very close. I asked him if he was just being polite about my legs. He said he'd always thought I was one of the most attractive of his colleague's wives. He couldn't see why David didn't make a bigger fuss of me. And as he talked he began stroking my legs and thighs.

Quest: You didn't object?

Caterer: It was very light and gentle at first, through my gown. It actually felt quite soothing. It wasn't like a grope. Then, when I didn't do anything, he began to get more urgent, caressing my bottom, and moving his hands round onto the front of my thighs, sliding closer to my crotch.

Quest: Did you respond?

Caterer: I felt almost detached — as if it were happening to someone else. But then his hand actually reached my crotch, massaging my pubic area, through my gown — and stroking my bottom very low down at the same time — and I realised I wasn't detached at all.

Quest: You were excited?

Caterer: My heart was pounding, I was breathing faster. I couldn't tell whether it was sexual excitement or the fact that I hadn't let another man touch my body like that for something like eighteen years. Then Stephen moved against me, and I felt a very obvious bump nudge my bottom. So I said, 'You know I've never been unfaithful to my husband?'

Quest: What did he say?

Caterer: He began kissing the back of my neck — which felt delicious — and brought a hand up to cup my breast. 'Don't worry about him,' he said. 'You're a woman in your own right — you should listen to *your* desires once in a while —' I thought, 'Yes! He's right!' Then he murmured in my ear, 'Christ, Alison (name changed), I've never wanted anyone as much as you —'

Quest: Did you believe him?

Caterer: At that precise moment? Yes! I remember moaning, and pressing his hand over my breast, feeling my nipple prickle under it. I wanted to turn round so we could kiss properly, but he said, 'No — no — I can't wait — I want to see those gorgeous legs —' And he began hoisting my gown from behind, twisting me round toward his desk, plucking at my tights and knickers. I nearly stumbled, kicking the awful tangle off. Then I felt the air on my behind and pussy, and nearly shrieked when Stephen's hand slid up between my legs, and brushed against my lips. Then he put his other hand into the middle of my back, and I realised he wanted me to bend forward over the desktop, and do it that way.

Quest: Had you not had intercourse from the rearward position before?

Caterer: Only lying on my tummy in bed, and then not very often. David had been quite conservative that way — we nearly always did it with him on top. But I'd certainly never done it standing up before, bending over someone's desk! Then I thought, 'Why not?' I couldn't imagine his sexy little student not having tried every position under the sun. So, as I heard Stephen's zip go, I dropped forward on my elbows and lifted my bottom as high as I could, and I couldn't help a little smile when I heard Stephen take a sudden deep breath. Then he rested his hand on my bare hips, and his thighs touched the back of mine and we did it.

> 'I heard his zip go, and I leaned across the desk. Then I felt his thighs touching the backs of mine'

Quest: He penetrated you immediately?

Caterer: He teased me for a while first, sliding his erection along the line of my crack, and rubbing me with it, which I thought was mean — though he was probably seeing if I was wet enough to take him. Then, when I couldn't keep still a second longer, he brought his tip between my lips, and came into me in a rush. There was no *relationship* apart from pure sex; I couldn't even see his face — it seemed to release something in me that needed releasing.

Quest: Did you climax?

Caterer: Right at the peak of it, as Stephen groaned, and I felt him begin to spurt. I ended up sprawled across the desk, feeling utterly ravished. I couldn't remember when I'd last felt like that. Then Stephen made me laugh. He said, 'Jesus, Allie, you're a bloody tigress. How does David keep up?'

Quest: Did you have sex with Stephen again?

Caterer: We went back to the ball, then. He rang me a few times, but I wouldn't see him. I didn't need to. It sounds corny, but he'd proved to me I was as female as I'd ever been, and at least a match for some bosomy teenybopper. So I decided I was going to get David back.

Quest: Did you succeed?

Caterer: Oh yes. I found out he'd been as exhausted by his young girlfriend as Stephen had been by me.

Quest: So no more worries about your breasts?

Caterer: I know how much of a woman I am underneath, which is all that counts.

Quest: Thank you.

Left (from top): a Lake Buccaneer amphibian taking off, moored on Southampton Water, and on dry land. This is used as a training aircraft. Above (from top): a French Canadair CL-215 water bomber taking off, lined up at Marignane in the south of France, and dropping its six ton water 'bomb'. It can scoop up six tons of water in a few seconds, take off, and drop its liquid 'bomb' on a forest fire in less than two seconds. Right: a closer view of the CL-215 which regularly fights fires.

They float, they fly...

Photographed by David Oliver

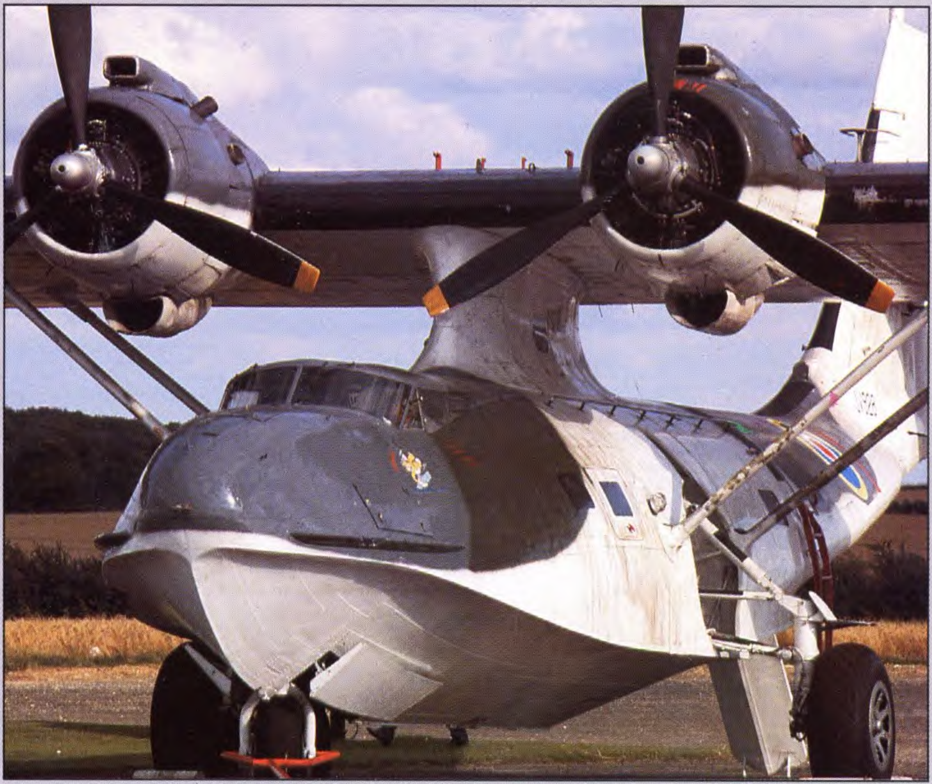
Whether sinking U-boats in World War Two, or fighting modern-day forest fires, the flying boat has proved itself a valuable workhorse. But until recently it has been a rare sight on British waters. Now the country's first official training area for seaplane pilots aims to renew interest in these craft

In many countries of the world, flying boats and seaplanes fulfil very important functions, whether it be fighting forest fires in the Mediterranean, or providing transport in remote areas inaccessible by road. But despite the fact that they proved their worth many times over in successful missions during World War Two, these impressively graceful craft are now a rare sight in British waters. In fact there are only six flying boats and three seaplanes currently registered in the UK. The problem has been that until very recently there have been no facilities for training seaplane pilots in this country. But now a stretch of the Medway, the Medway Marine Water Aerodrome has been licensed for such training, and is officially featured on navigation charts. This should help increase the enthusiasm for flying boats, and give more pilots the opportunity to 'convert' to seaplane flying, using training aircraft like the Lake Buccaneer. Training takes between six and ten hours flying time, as the pilot must have the skills of a sailor as well as a pilot.

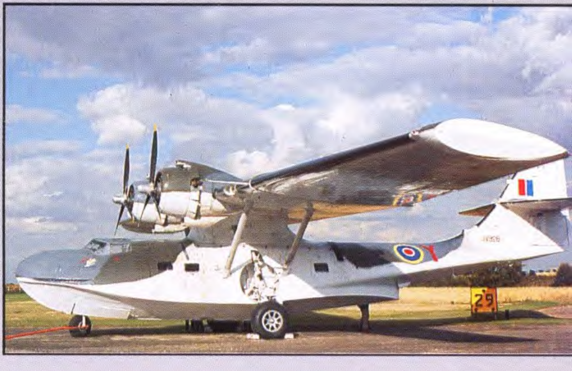
Obviously, steering on water is nowhere near as precise as on land, and there is the danger of the aircraft being blown onto the shore before it can take off. Taking-off takes longer than on land, and the pilot has to break the suction of the water on the floats. This is known as getting 'up on the step'. Landing, too, can cause problems. The pilot has to make a 'flatter' landing on water, dropping down on the floats. But if the landing is underpowered, the aircraft just stops, and tips forward onto its nose. And if there is too much power, it will just bounce off the surface of the water. Pilots also have to read the water, the

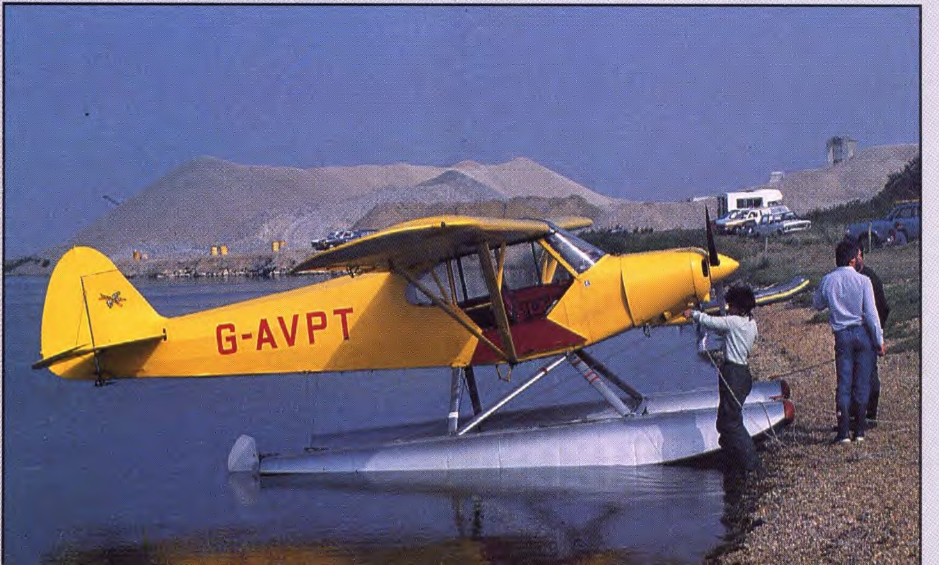
speed of the tides, and the size of the waves. Two-foot waves can be enough to disrupt a landing and lead to 'porpoising' where the aircraft leaps up and down and the nose has a tendency to dig in. A seaplane or floatplane is a standard aircraft which has been fitted with floats to enable it to operate from the water, whereas a flying-boat is designed to land and take off from the water, and has a hull like a ship. Some of these can function on land as well, and they are known as amphibians.

An amphibian in great demand for fighting forest fires in Europe is the Canadian-designed Canadair CL-215 water-bomber. More than 100 are operated in countries like Spain, Greece, Yugoslavia and France where one of the largest collections of active amphibians in Europe is to be found at Marseille's Marignane airport. Originally designed as a water-bomber for the Canadian government, the Canadair skims over the surface of the water at 70mph, scooping up six tons of water in less than ten seconds. It then drops the water 'bomb' through two doors in the hull from 100feet. And it takes just 1.8 seconds to release the entire load, covering an area of 1800 square feet. One of the most famous flying-boats is the Short Sunderland, and the only air-worthy example is now based on the River Medway near Rochester. Now named Sir Arthur Gouge in memory of the plane's brilliant designer, it is reputed to have cost its owner, Edward Hulton, nearly £1 million to keep in the air. It has now been fully restored. The Tiger Club of Redhill has two seaplanes. One is a Piper Super Cub which the club has owned since 1967. It was converted into a seaplane with a pair of Edo floats from Switzerland, and last summer took to the water for the first time from a flooded sandpit near Rye in Kent. Their other floatplane, the Sea Tiger, is a converted 1941 Tiger Moth biplane. The RAF have no flying boats or seaplanes in current operation, but a Convair Catalina flying boat played a dramatic part in a scenario of incredible bravery during World War Two. As it cruised over the North Atlantic on routine patrol on the evening of July 17, 1944, an ominous blip appeared on the radar screen. That blip turned out to be a surfaced German U-Boat which opened fire on the Catalina. The plane's captain, Flt Lt John Cruickshank, descended from 1000 to 50 feet for a low-level attack, and opened fire with machine guns from 1000 yards, dropping depth charges as he flew over the sub, then climbed to 800 feet for another attack. As he

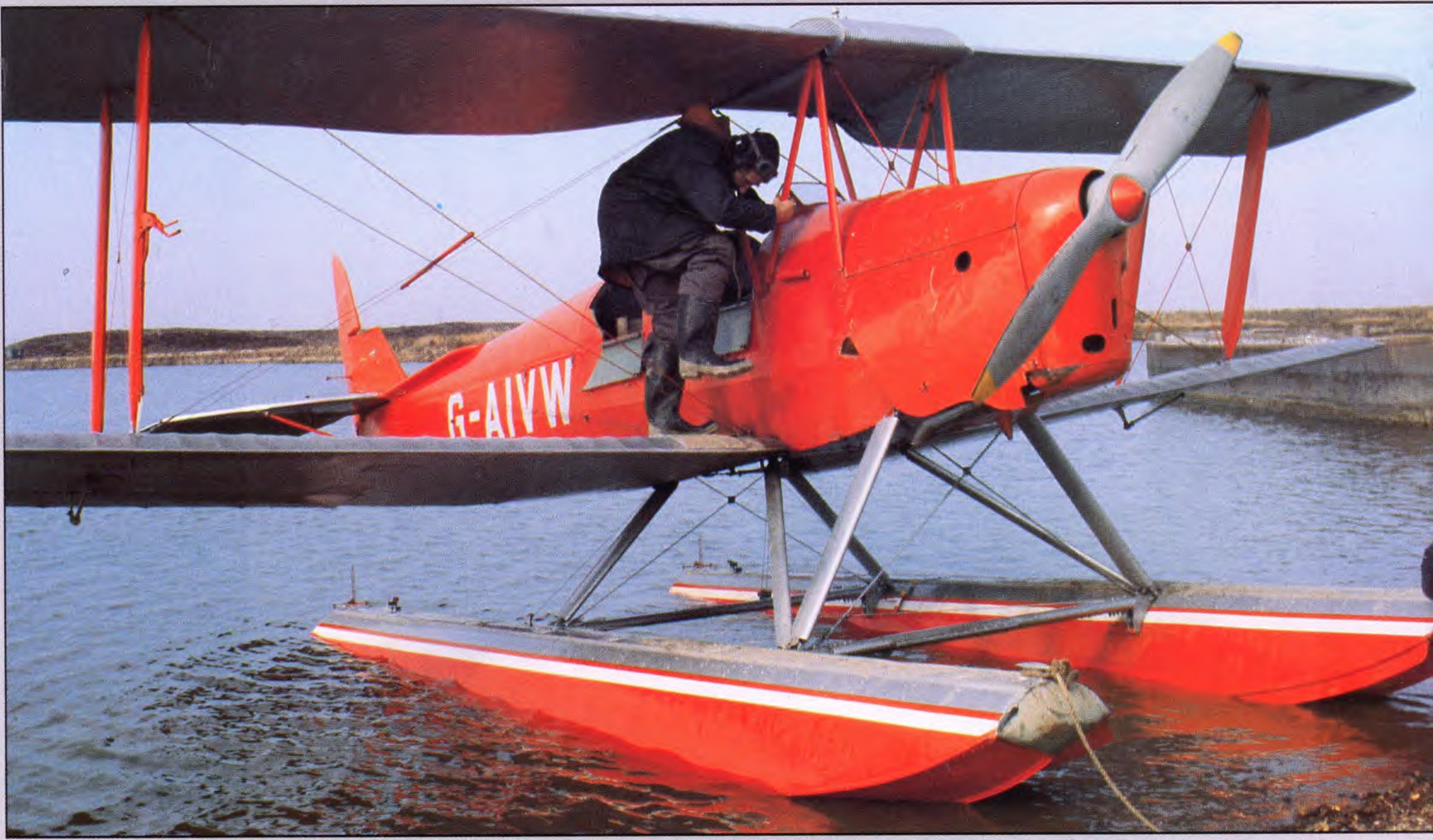


Left, above and far right: a twin-engined Cornvair PBY-5A Catalina flying boat. It was bought in South Africa two years ago by two serving RAF pilots and a photographer, and flown back to Britain. It has since been overhauled and painted in the markings of Flight Lieutenant J A Cruickshank of No 210 Squadron who won the V.C. while flying such a craft. Near right and below: a Piper Super Cub which was converted into a floatplane two years ago by the Tiger Club of Redhill.

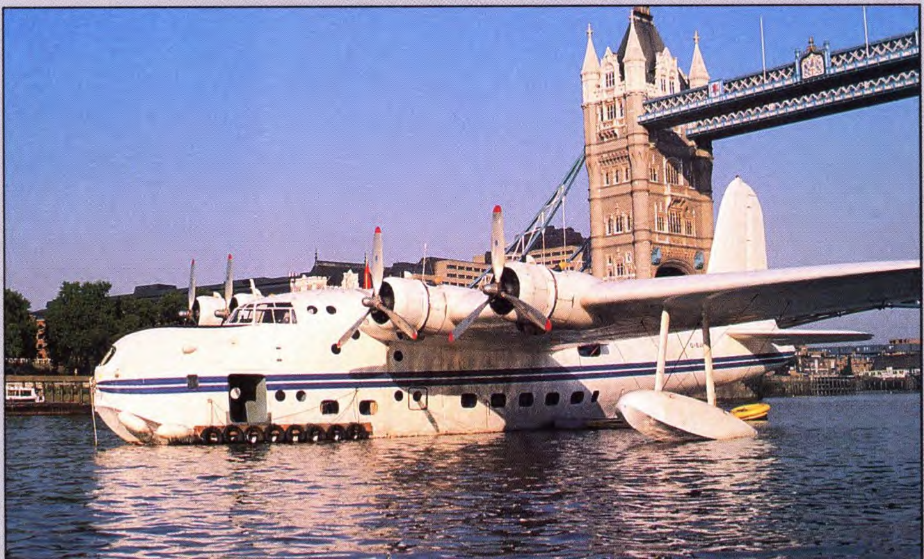




came in for a second time, a shell exploded in the plane, killing the navigator instantly, and wounding Cruickshank and two other members of the crew. The windscreen was shattered, and fire broke out. But despite being wounded in the chest and both legs, Cruickshank pressed home the attack, dropping six more depth charges, and sending the U-Boat to a watery grave. But the aircraft's troubles did not end there. There was serious damage to the hull below the water line, the plane was out of service, and the fuel line was leaking. They were also five hours from their base at Sullom Voe in the Shetlands. Members of the crew dressed Cruickshank's serious injuries, but despite the fact that he kept lapsing into unconsciousness due to loss of blood, he refused morphia so he could remain in charge as captain. When they reached base, Cruickshank insisted



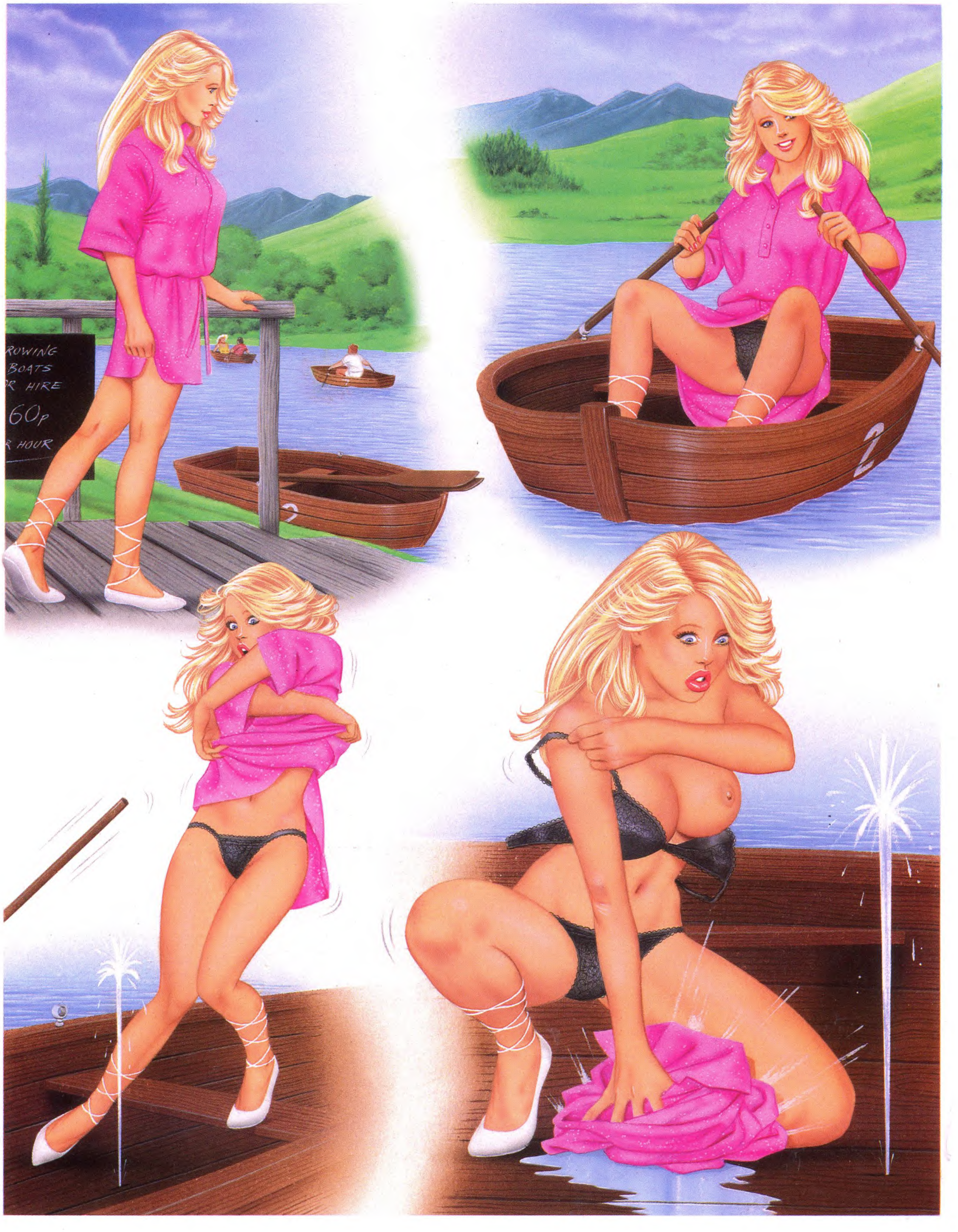
Left: A view of the powerful engines of Edward Hulton's Short Sunderland. Now named Sir Arthur Gouge in memory of the brilliant Short aircraft designer, it is the world's only airworthy Short Sunderland. Near right (top and centre) and below: the Sunderland on the Thames by Tower Bridge. Above, far right, and near right (bottom): a Sea Tiger. Originally a standard 1941 Tiger Moth, it was rebuilt as a seaplane with floats back in 1963.

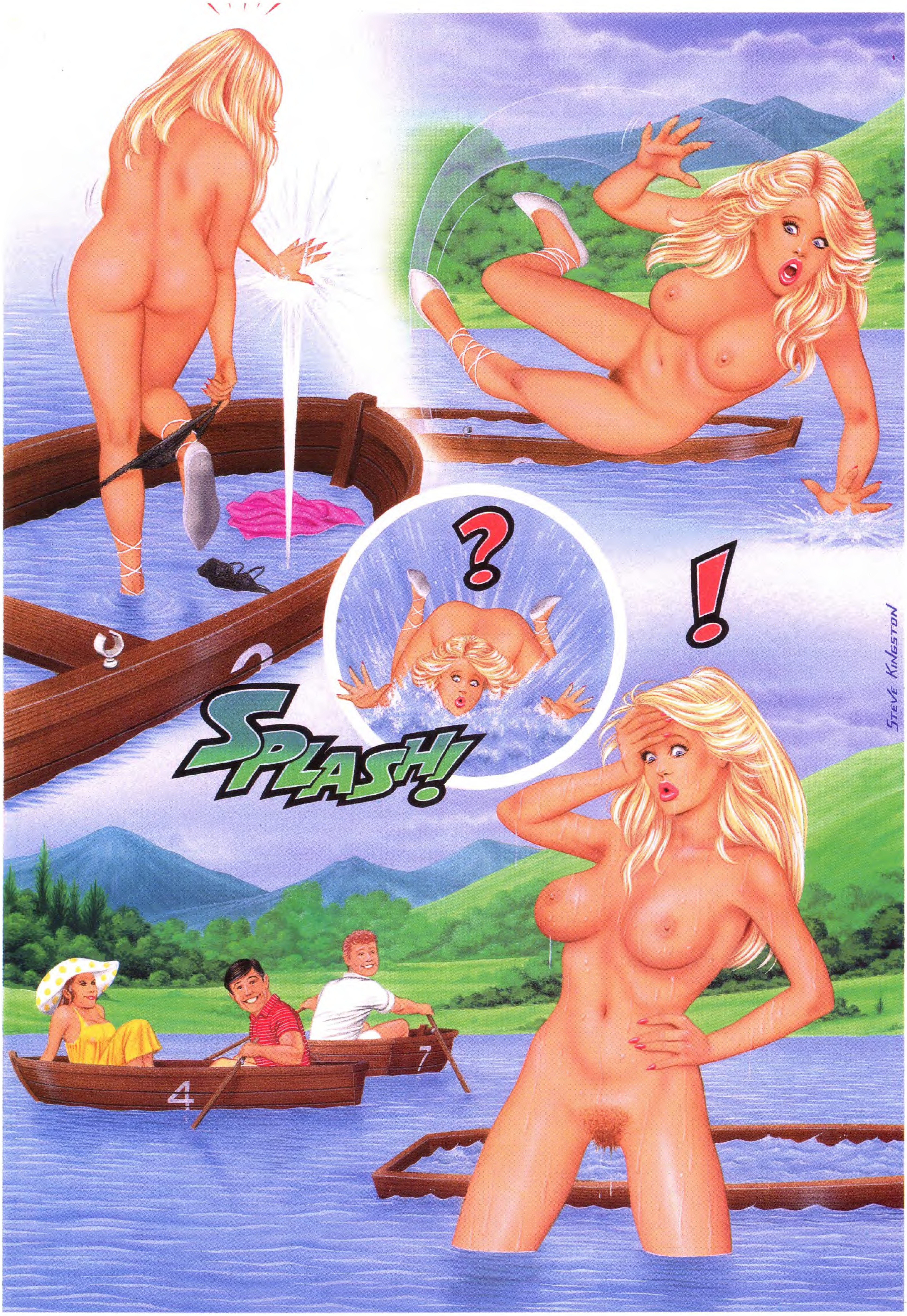


on being helped back into his seat for the landing. As soon as the aircraft hit the water it started to sink, so Cruickshank opened up the throttle, and drove it right up onto the beach. When medical officers boarded the plane, they found Cruickshank had collapsed, and they had to give him an emergency blood transfusion before he could be removed from the plane and taken to hospital, where it was discoverd he had 72 individual wounds, mainly to his chest and legs. For his bravery he was awarded the Victoria Cross on September 1st, 1944. As a tribute to Flt Lt Cruickshank, a similar Catalina flying boat which has recently arrived in the UK has been painted in the markings of his aircraft. It was purchased by two serving RAF pilots and a photographer in South Africa, and flown back to England for an overhaul and repainting.

CARRIE

Is our oar-inspired water-baby out of her depth?


ROWING
BOATS
R HIRE
60p
R HOUR
2
2


?
!
SPLASH!
STEVE KINGSTON
4
7